

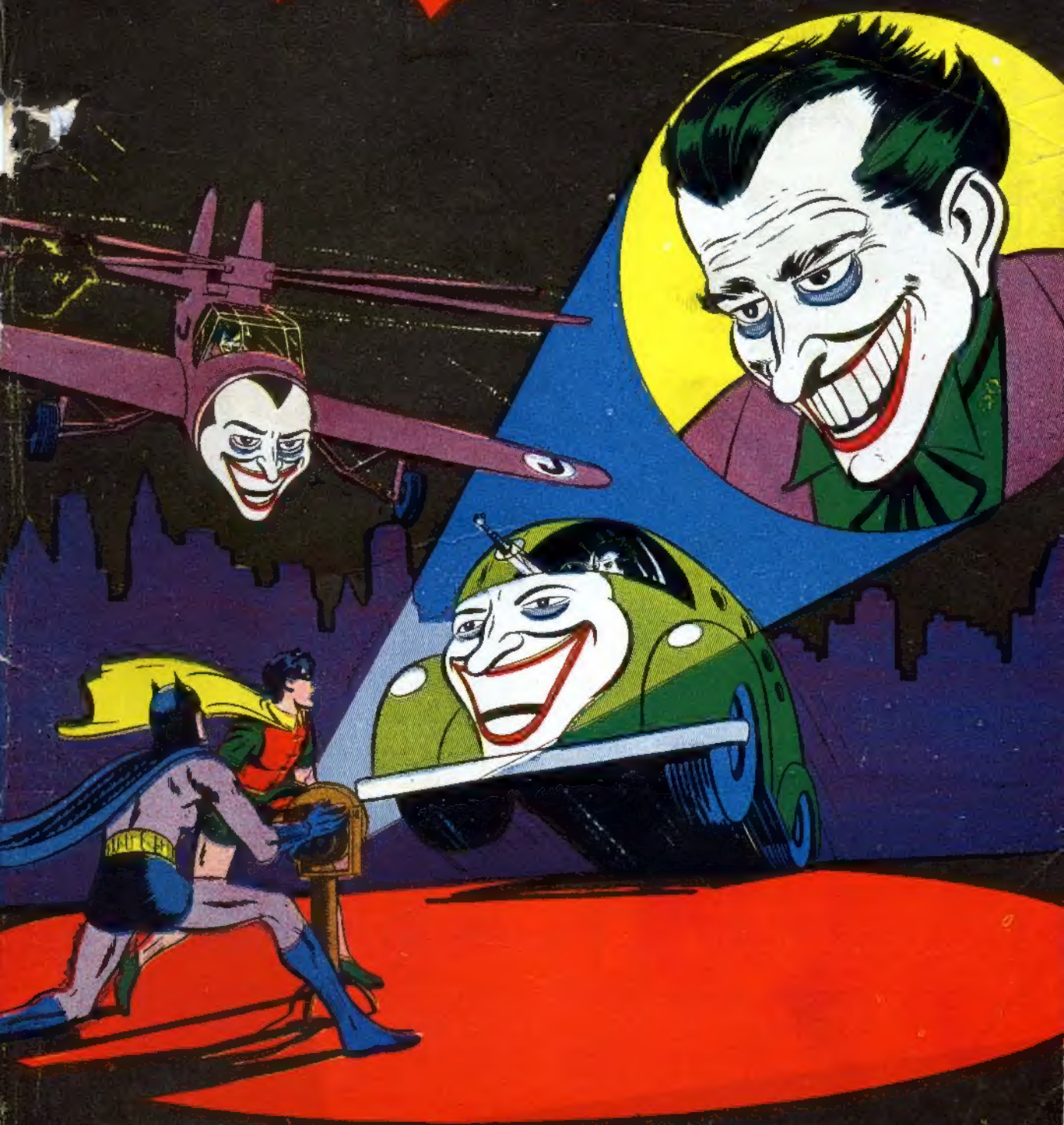
BATMAN  
No. 37

OCTOBER, 1960  
TEN CENTS



# BATMAN

In this issue  
**THE JOKER**  
STEALS THE  
**BATMAN'S**  
THUNDER!





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KING OF THE ZOO,  
HE KNOWS WHAT'S WHAT  
AND HE KNOWS WHO'S WHO,  
AND WHEN THIS SYMBOL  
CATCHES HIS EYE,  
HE KNOWS EXACTLY  
THE COMIC TO BUY!



-ON THE COVER OF  
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IT'S YOUR  
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OF THE BEST  
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BATMAN



# BATMAN

WITH

## ROBIN

- THE BOY WONDER -



A HOSPITAL-HUSHED THEATER WHERE THE DRAMA OF LIFE AND DEATH PLAYS A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE—SHADOWY STAGE WHERE LAUGHTER ECHOES AGAINST A BACKDROP OF TRAGEDY—A SHUT-IN WORLD WITH A HEART AND SOUL REFLECTING THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO STAFF IT AND THOSE WHO LIE IN ITS BEDS! AND VERY HUMAN ARE ALL OF THESE, FROM THE ABLEST SURGEON TO THE HUMBLEST PATIENT—AS THE DYNAMIC DUO PROVES IN—

**"CALLING DR. BATMAN!"**





GOTHAM HOSPITAL, HAVEN FOR SUFFERING HUMANITY, IS TYPICAL OF ITS KIND THROUGHOUT AMERICA....



QUIET  
HOSPITAL  
ZONE

AND DR. AVERY BURTON, ITS CHIEF, IS TYPICAL OF ALL MEDICAL MEN WHO DEDICATE THEIR LIVES TO HELP OTHERS....

TODAY, DR. KING WILL TRY OUT HIS NEW RADIOTHERAPY MACHINE ON LITTLE JERRY MARSHALL, DR. BURTON!

FINE, NOREEN! IF IT WORKS, IT WILL SAVE COUNTLESS LIVES!



NURSE NOREEN O'DAY IS ONE OF THE BEST-LOVED NURSES IN THE HOSPITAL!



READ US A STORY, PLEASE!

HI, KIDS! I'LL BE BACK SOON!

LOOK, MISS NOREEN- I'M ALMOST WELL!

YOUNG, AND WITH NEW IDEAS FOR TREATING OLD DISEASES IS DR. PHIL KING, INTERNE...

HERE'S LOU DARRELL WITH THE RAY CABINET! IF IT WORKS, YOU'LL BE OUT OF YOUR PLASTER COAT SOON, JERRY!

GEE! THAT'S GREAT!



LOU BUILT THE CABINET AFTER MY PLANS, JERRY!

DARRELL, COULD THIS MACHINE HARM A PATIENT?

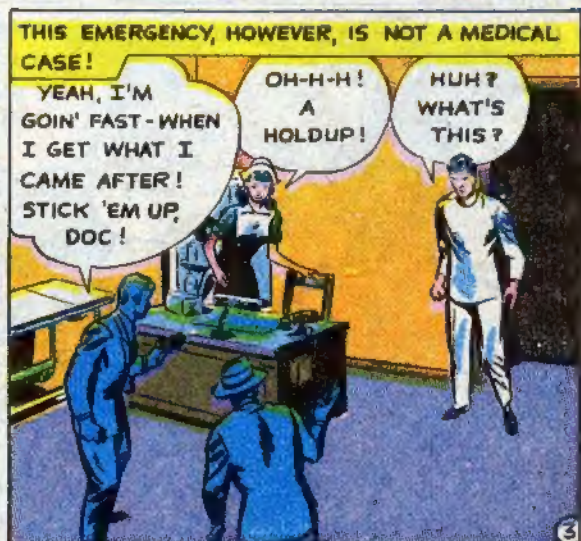
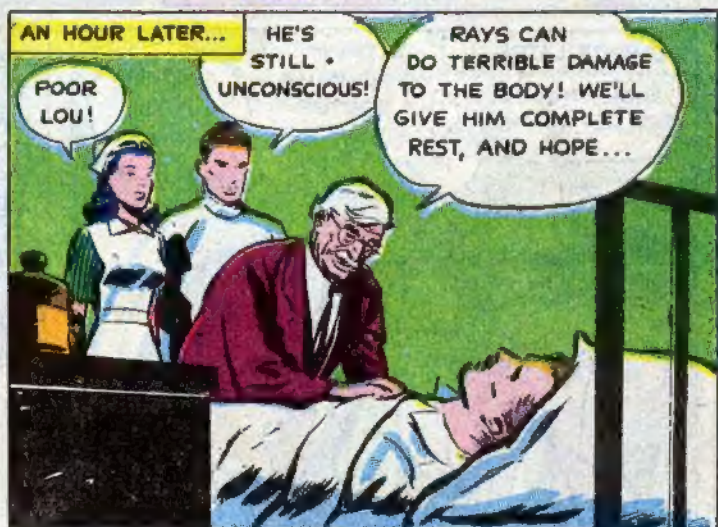
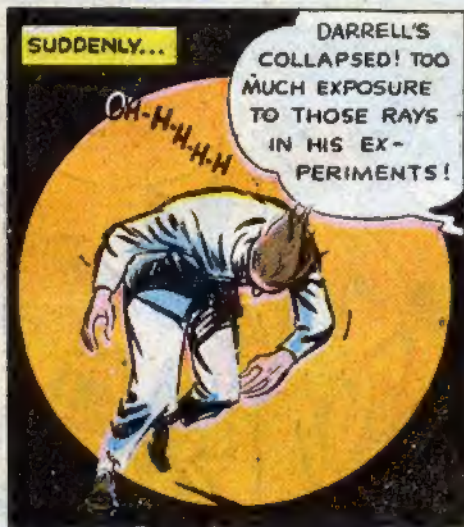
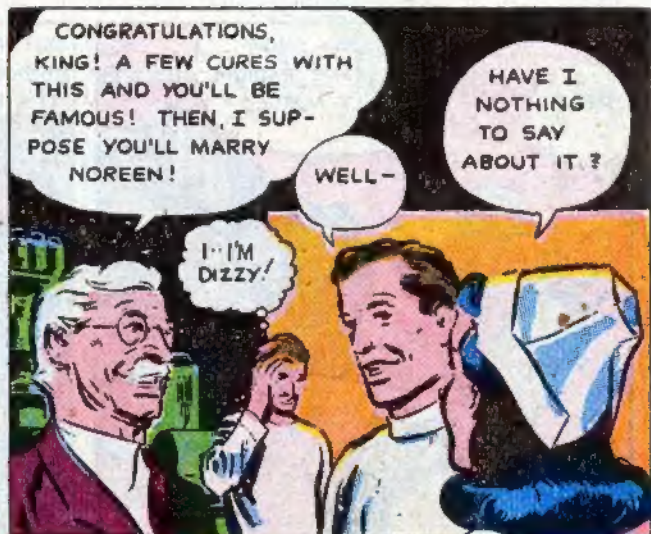


HIGH VOLTAGE MAKES THE MACHINE'S TUBES PURR AND GLOW WITH LIGHT!

INDEED, DOCTOR! WITH THE CURRENT FULL ON, IT COULD KILL A STRONG MAN!





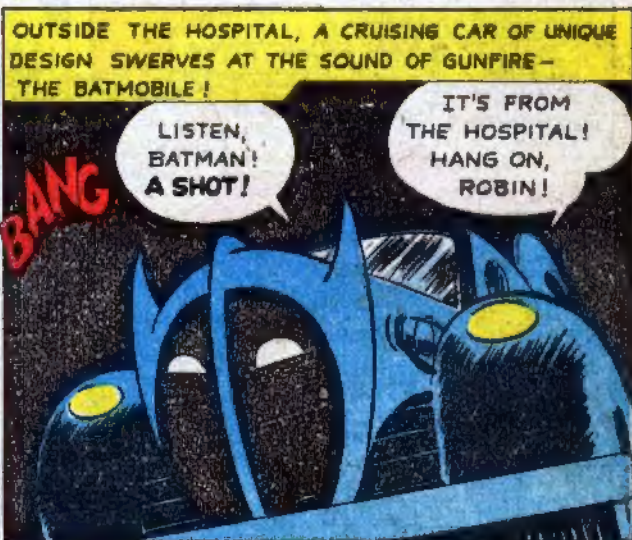






PHIL!

NOW— SHOW  
US THAT RADIUM  
VAULT, NURSE!

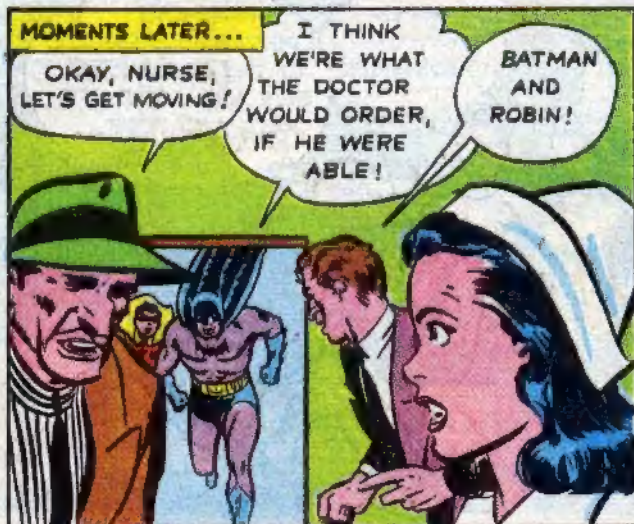


OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL, A CRUISING CAR OF UNIQUE  
DESIGN SWERVES AT THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE—  
THE BATMOBILE!

BANG

LISTEN,  
BATMAN!  
A SHOT!

IT'S FROM  
THE HOSPITAL!  
HANG ON,  
ROBIN!



MOMENTS LATER...

OKAY, NURSE,  
LET'S GET MOVING!

I THINK  
WE'RE WHAT  
THE DOCTOR  
WOULD ORDER,  
IF HE WERE  
ABLE!

BATMAN  
AND  
ROBIN!

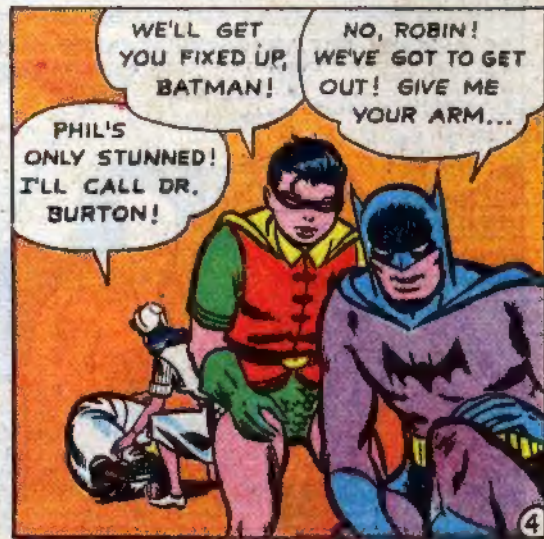


YOU'LL BE  
EMERGENCY  
CASES WHEN  
I FINISH!



HEY, BRAT,  
YA SPOILED  
MY AIM!

DROP  
THAT GUN!  
... UGH!



WE'LL GET  
YOU FIXED UP,  
BATMAN!

NO, ROBIN!  
WE'VE GOT TO GET  
OUT! GIVE ME  
YOUR ARM...

PHIL'S  
ONLY STUNNED!  
I'LL CALL DR.  
BURTON!





LEANING ON HIS YOUNG PAL, BATMAN LIMPS TO THE BATMOBILE — THEN...

KNEE SMASHED BY THAT BULLET... BUT CAN'T GO TO THE HOSPITAL AS BATMAN! DRIVE HOME — CHANGE CLOTHES...UH-H-H...

HE'S FAINTED!



LATER...

YOU'RE A GOOD DOCTOR, NOREEN! I FEEL WELL ALREADY!

THAT'S GOOD BECAUSE THE AMBULANCE IS BRINGING IN THAT PLAYBOY, BRUCE WAYNE! HE'S HURT HIS KNEE!



WHAT HAPPENED, SON?

HE SHOT HIMSELF — WHILE CLEANING A GUN!



SORRY, GRAYSON, BUT I'LL HAVE TO OPERATE. THE BONES ARE SMASHED!

HE CAN'T BE CRIPPLED! YOU MUST FIX HIM UP!



DAWN...AND IN THE OPERATING ROOM A GRIM BATTLE IS FOUGHT...

SCALPEL... SPONGE...



WHILE, OUTSIDE THE DOOR, THE BATMAN'S PAL KEEPS AN ANXIOUS VIGIL!

THEY SAID HE MIGHT BE LAME FOR LIFE! OH, PLEASE — LET THE OPERATION BE A SUCCESS!





THAT AFTERNOON...

YOU'LL BE  
HERE SEVERAL  
WEEKS!

MAYBE YOU  
CAN REST-BUT I  
CAN'T UNTIL I'VE  
FIGURED OUT  
SOMETHING!

DON'T WORRY, FELLA!  
THINK OF THE GRAND  
REST I'LL HAVE, AND  
WITH MISS O'DAY  
ATTENDING ME!

HOW IS IT THAT  
BATMAN IS SHOT IN  
THE LEG AND RUNS  
AWAY AND LATER YOU  
SHOW UP WITH A  
SIMILAR WOUND?

HEAR THAT,  
DICK? SHE THINKS  
I'M BATMAN! HA,  
HA, HA, HA!

OH, OH-  
NOT SO  
GOOD!

MEANWHILE, IN THE NEXT ROOM...

I'M  
AFRAID -  
I'M -  
FINISHED...

NONSENSE,  
DARRELL!  
YOU CAN'T  
GIVE UP!

THE RADIOLOGY  
LAB NEEDS YOU,  
FELLA! YOU'VE GOT  
TO GET WELL!

PRESENTLY, IN THE HOSPITAL'S RADIOLOGICAL  
LABORATORY...

WE'VE GOT THE  
BEST X-RAY EQUIP-  
MENT IN TOWN!

YES! AND DID  
YOU SEE THE RADIUM  
WE BORROWED FROM  
THE AJAX INSTITUTE?

THE  
RADIUM -  
IT'S  
GONE!

IMPOSSIBLE!  
I LOCKED IT IN  
THE SAFE AFTER  
I GAVE THAT  
TREATMENT TO  
JERRY YESTERDAY.

THOSE CROOKS  
DIDN'T STEAL IT,  
BECAUSE THEY  
NEVER GOT THIS  
FAR!

PHIL, UNLESS  
WE FIND IT,  
GOTHAM HOSPITAL  
WILL HAVE TO  
CLOSE!



RADIUM IS PRICELESS BECAUSE OF ITS RARITY, AND INVULNERABLE BECAUSE NOTHING ELSE CAN CURE CERTAIN TERRIBLE DISEASES OF MAN!

I LOCKED THE SAFE—AND ONLY YOU TWO DOCTORS AND I KNOW THE COMBINATION!

WE'VE GOT TO FIND IT! WE COULD NEVER RAISE ENOUGH MONEY TO PAY FOR THE RADIUM!



RUINED! MY DREAM OF MAKING GOTHAM HOSPITAL A GREAT BENEFACITOR OF MANKIND SHATTERED!

CHEER UP, SIR! YOU TAUGHT US HOW TO FACE CRISES, AND WE'LL STAND BY YOU IN THIS ONE!



NO ONE COULD HAVE SMUGGLED IT OUT IN ITS 60-POUND LEAD CASE! WE'LL SEARCH THE PREMISES.

I'LL CALL THE POLICE!



DAYS PASS...AND AS BRUCE WAYNE'S KNEE MENDS, HE BECOMES AWARE OF THE TENSION AROUND HIM...

MAY I GO FOR A RUN IN THE PARK, DOC?

OF COURSE... HUH? WHAT AM I SAYING? OF COURSE NOT! MY MIND WAS ON SOMETHING ELSE!



WHY IS EVERYONE SO WORRIED, NURSE? DO THEY STILL THINK I'M BATMAN?

BATMAN! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF HIM BEFORE! UH—NO, NO ONE THINKS YOU'RE ANYONE EXCEPT BRUCE WAYNE, MR. WAYNE!



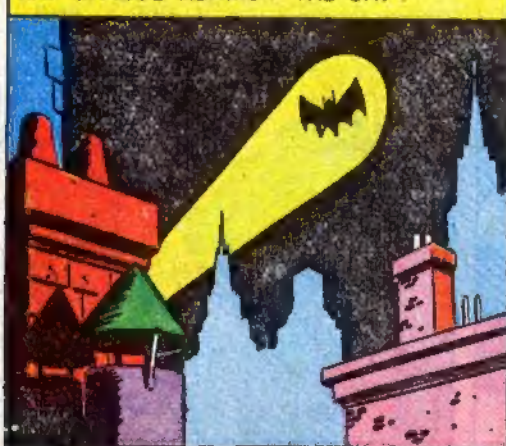
SOMETHING'S WRONG AROUND HERE, DICK! BUT I CAN'T FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

IF IT'S TROUBLE—I'M SPOILING FOR ACTION!





THAT NIGHT, FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS, A SEARCHLIGHT PAINTS THE EERIE BAT SYMBOL AGAINST THE SKY!



AND BRUCE WAYNE, LYING SLEEPLESS, CANNOT ANSWER THE CALL FOR HELP!



BLAST THIS BAD LEG! I CAN'T HELP THE COMMISSIONER THIS TIME!

MINUTES LATER...



I SAW THE SIGNAL AND CALLED GORDON—AND GUESS WHERE THE CASE IS? RIGHT HERE IN GOTHAM HOSPITAL! ROBIN!

MY BATMAN COSTUME IS IN THE FALSE BOTTOM OF MY BAG—AND THIS SAW FROM MY UTILITY BELT WILL CUT THE CAST!

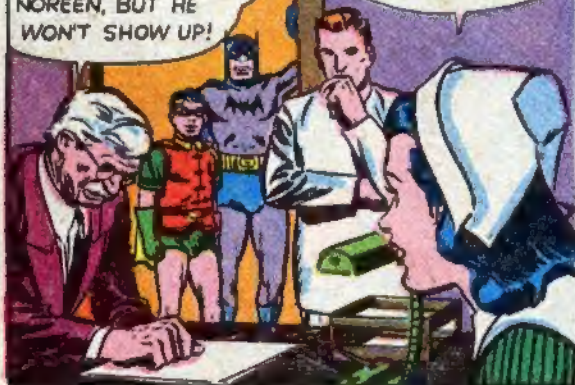
BUT IF YOU BREAK YOUR KNEE AGAIN, THEY'LL FIND OUT BRUCE WAYNE IS BATMAN!



BUT THE BATMAN RISKS ALL TO ANSWER THE URGENT SUMMONS!

YOUR IDEA ABOUT BATMAN WAS GOOD, NOREEN, BUT HE WON'T SHOW UP!

WANT TO BET, DR. BURTON?



PRESENTLY—

WE'RE PRETTY SURE IT WAS AN INSIDE JOB AND THAT THE RADIUM'S STILL HERE, BUT WE CAN'T FIND IT!

THE GOOD WORK YOU DO MUST NOT STOP! I'LL DO MY BEST!





TELL THE PATIENTS I'M HERE WORKING ON A CASE, SO THEY WON'T BE ALARMED. I'LL BEGIN IN THE LAB..



LEAVING ROBIN TO WATCH BELOW, BATMAN ASCENDS TO THE TOP FLOOR...

THIS IS THE ONLY PART OF THE HOSPITAL THAT IS DESERTED AT NIGHT!



THEN, SUDDENLY, A FIGURE IN WHITE MOVES SILENTLY DOWN THE HALL ..

WHO WOULD BE GOING INTO THE RADIOLOGICAL LAB AT THIS HOUR?



NEXT MOMENT...

CAUGHT IN THE ACT, BATMAN! I THOUGHT YOU'D BE SNOOPING!



WHAT- MY LEGS... WEAK

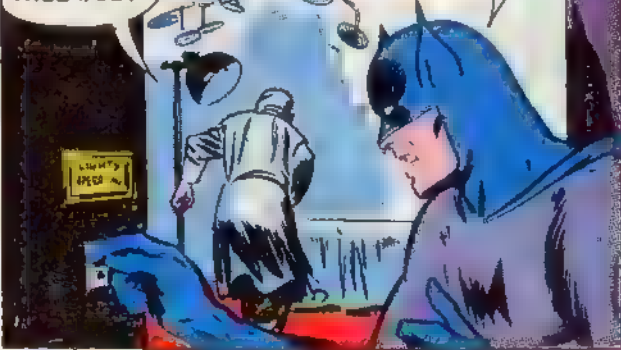


DID YOU SEE BATMAN CLICK THE SHUTTER OF THE X-RAY CAMERA WITH HIS ELBOW?

THE MASKED MAN FLEES INTO THE OPERATING ROOM - WITH BATMAN LIMPING IN PURSUIT!

KEEP AWAY FROM ME, OR I'LL KILL YOU!

NOT UNTIL I'VE UNMASKED YOU!



YOU RAT IN HUMANITARIAN'S CLOTHING!

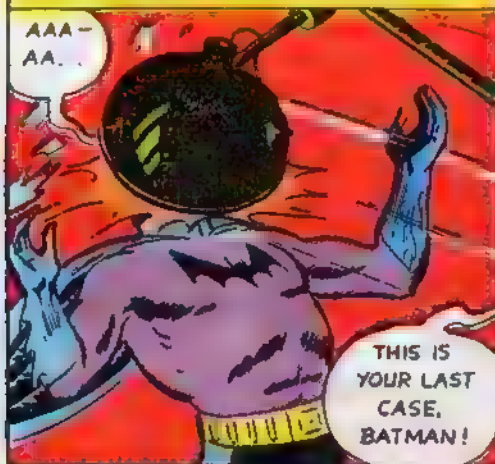
I WARNED YOU!







**BUT AGAIN BATMAN'S WOUNDED LEG GIVES WAY—AND BEFORE HE CAN RECOVER...**



AAA—  
AA.

THIS IS  
YOUR LAST  
CASE,  
BATMAN!

**DRAWN INTO THE LABORATORY, THE LAWMAN IS LIFTED INTO THE DEVICE DESIGNED TO SAVE LIVES...**



WH—  
WHERE  
AM I?

YOU'RE IN A SPOT,  
BATMAN! A SOUNDPROOF  
SPOT! NOW I'LL TURN  
ON RAYS TO BURN  
OUT EVERY TISSUE  
IN YOUR BODY!

NOW I'M SAFE!  
AND NO ONE ELSE  
WILL EVER SUSPECT  
THE TRUTH!



**IMPRISONED BY METAL AND PLASTIC, DAZED BY POWERFUL DEATH RAYS, BATMAN'S STRENGTH WANES FAST...**



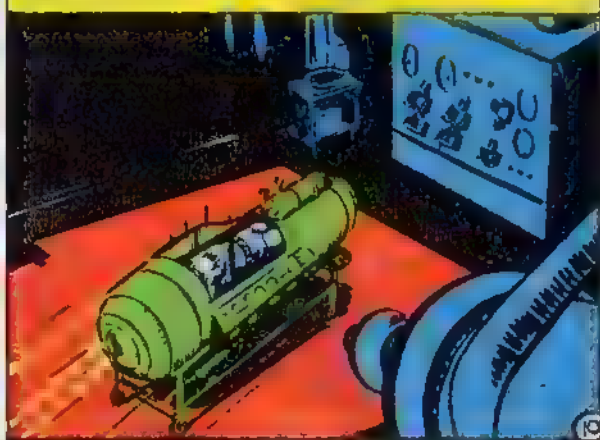
I CAN'T GET  
OUT! BUT MAYBE  
IF I CAN MOVE  
IT...

**PAIN WRACKING HIS LEG, BATMAN HURLS HIS WEIGHT DESPERATELY AGAINST THE WALLS OF HIS TINY PRISON!**



CAN'T—KEEP  
THIS UP... BUT  
IT IS MOVING—  
A LITTLE!

**INCH BY AGONIZING INCH, THE HEAVY MACHINE CREEPS ACROSS THE FLOOR—WHILE THE DEATH-RAYS WITHIN IT GLOW FIERCELY...**

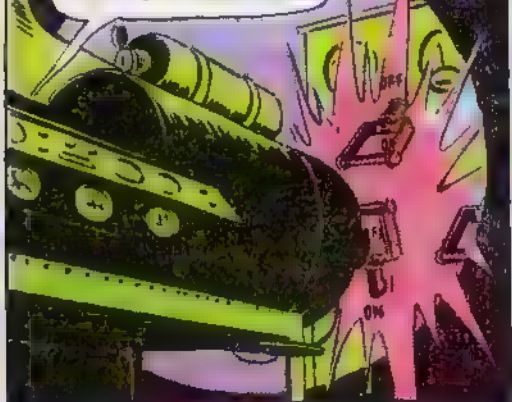






**FINALLY, AFTER WHAT SEEMS AN AGE...**

THANK HEAVENS—  
I MANAGED TO HIT  
THE SWITCHBOARD!



**MEANWHILE, DOWNSTAIRS...**

A  
FUSE  
BLEW  
OUT!

HUH?  
WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO THE  
LIGHTS?

MAYBE SOMETHING'S  
WRONG WITH THE  
RAY EQUIPMENT!  
I'D BETTER SEE!



**SO, TO A LONG LIST OF NARROW ESCAPES,  
THE BATMAN ADDS ANOTHER!**

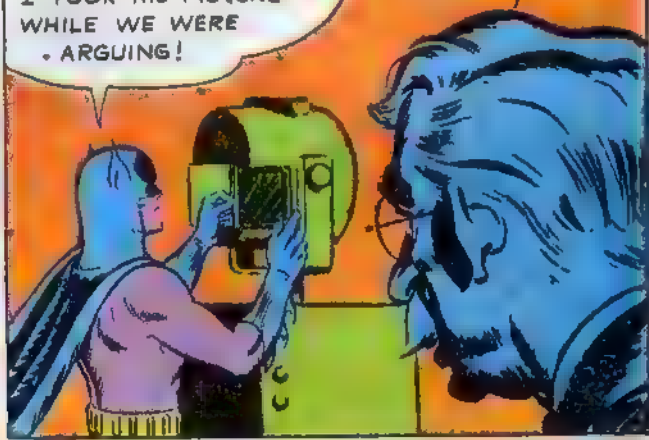
YOU'RE LUCKY TO  
BE ALIVE, WITH THOSE  
DIALS TURNED TO FULL  
POWER! WHO DID IT!

MAYBE YOU OR DR.  
BURTON WEARING A  
DOCTOR'S UNIFORM  
AND MASK!



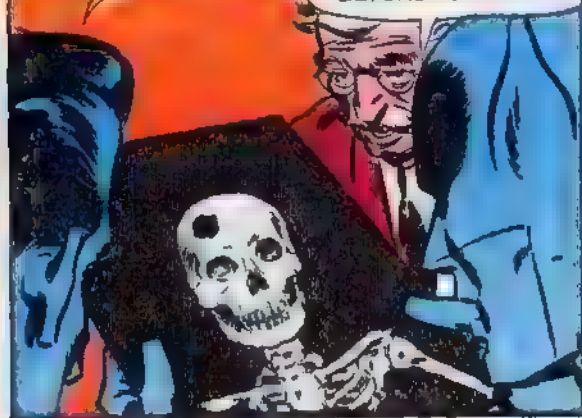
LET'S DEVELOP THIS  
X-RAY PHOTO! I THINK  
I TOOK HIS PICTURE  
WHILE WE WERE  
• ARGUING!

**SPLENDID!**



THE FACE IS  
UNRECOGNIZABLE!

YES, BUT THAT DARK  
PATCH AT THE TEMPLE  
IDENTIFIES OUR MAN  
BEYOND QUESTION!



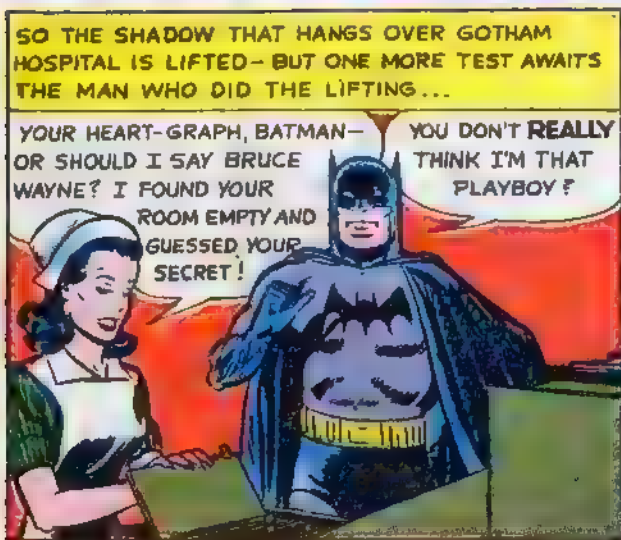
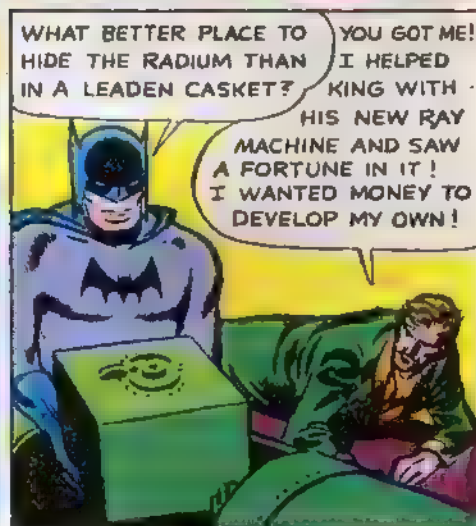
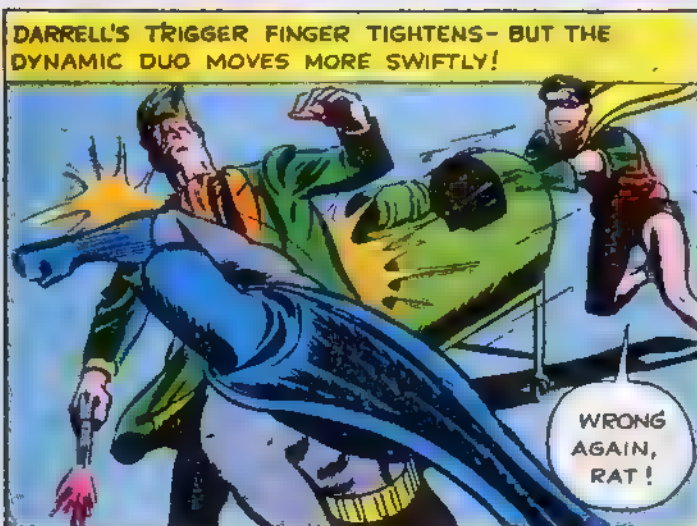
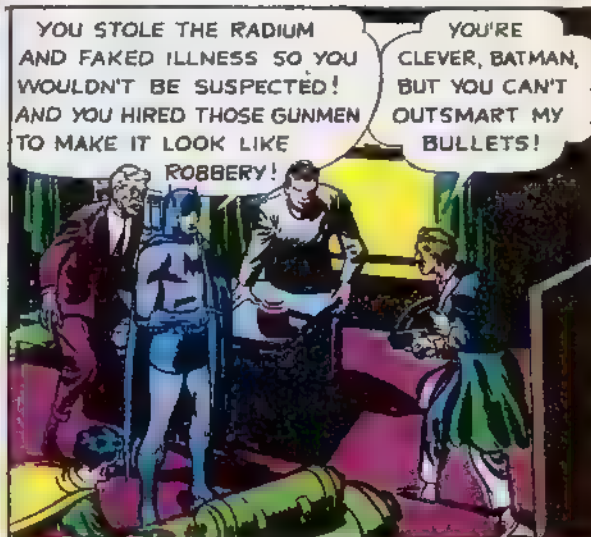
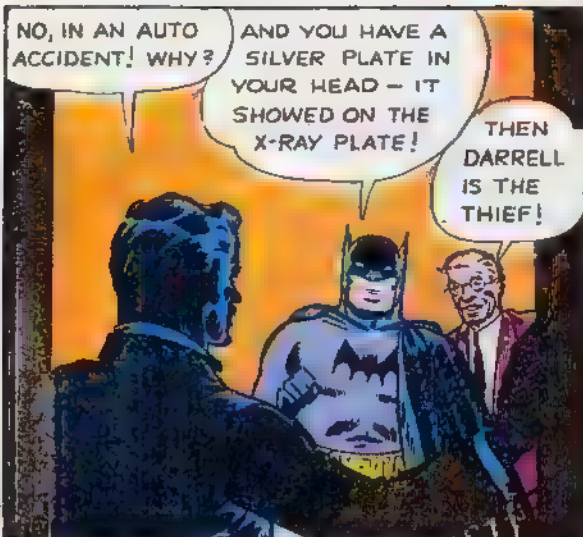
**AN INSTANT LATER...**

DARRELL!  
YOU SHOULDN'T  
BE OUT OF  
BED!

BY THE WAY, DARRELL,  
DID YOU GET A HEAD  
INJURY IN THE WAR?











NOW BATMAN IS REALLY ON A SPOT! WILL SCIENCE AT LAST REVEAL THE CAREFULLY GUARDED SECRET OF HIS DUAL IDENTITY?...

OF COURSE, IF YOU'RE NOT WAYNE, THIS TEST WILL FAIL!

MUST DO SOMETHING!.



WE'LL KNOW WHEN I DEVELOP THIS!

I GUESS SHE'S GOT YOU, BATMAN! YOU'RE SWEATING!

IT'S - UH - SO WARM!



CAN A MAN CHANGE THE PACE OF HIS HEART ACTION? BATMAN CONCENTRATES-AND RECALLS THE MOST DANGEROUS MOMENTS OF HIS LIFE!

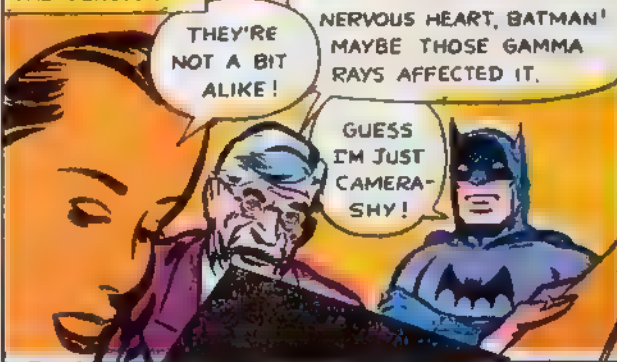


THE VERDICT.

THEY'RE NOT A BIT ALIKE!

MMM YOU HAVE A VERY NERVOUS HEART, BATMAN! MAYBE THOSE GAMMA RAYS AFFECTED IT.

GUESS I'M JUST CAMERA-SHY!



NEXT DAY, BRUCE WAYNE IS DISCHARGED FROM A HOSPITAL WHICH IS NOW SERENE.

YOUR KNEE WILL BE OKAY, WAYNE- AND YOUR CHECK EARNS YOU THE ETERNAL GRATITUDE OF GOTHAM HOSPITAL!

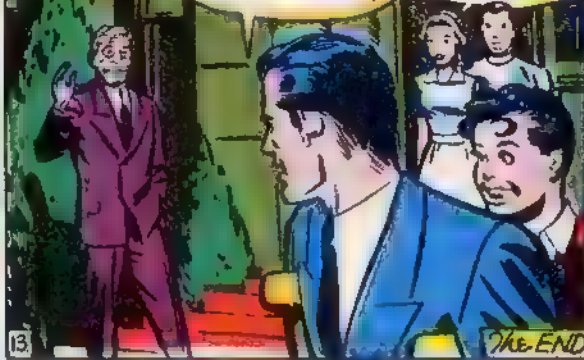
I'M HAPPY TO HELP YOUR UNSELFISH WORK FOR A HEALTHIER WORLD, DOCTOR!



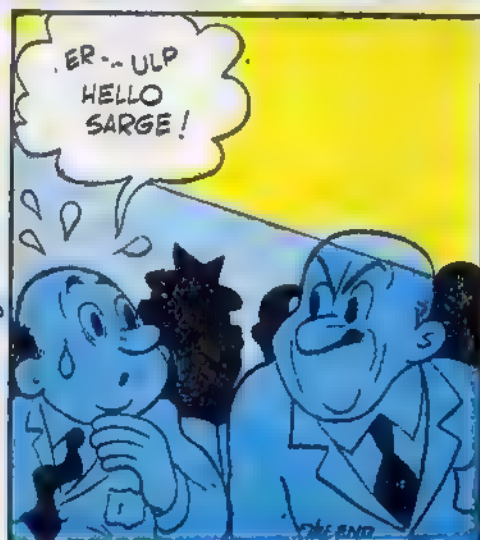
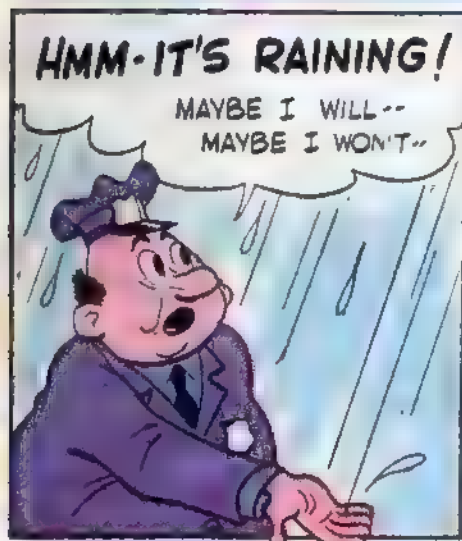
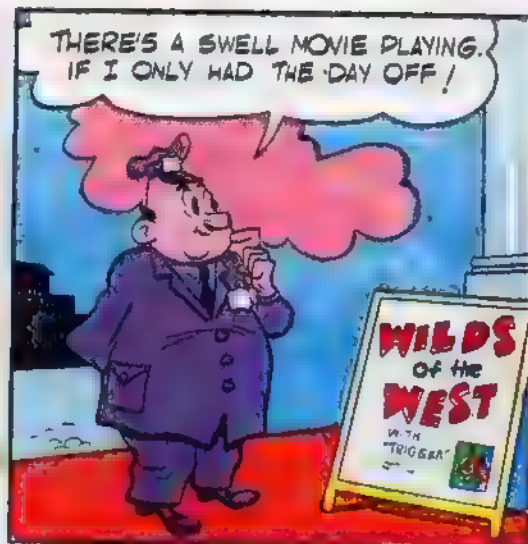
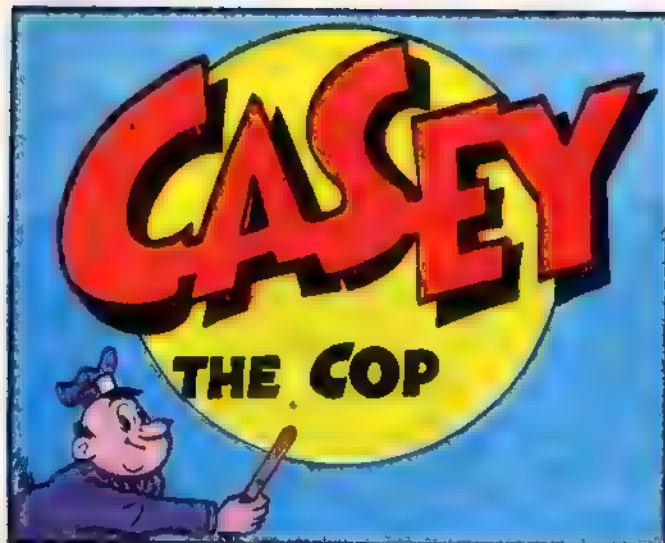
NEXT TO BATMAN, YOU'RE OUR GREATEST BENEFACITOR!

OH, WELL, YOU CAN'T EXPECT A PLAYBOY LIKE ME TO MATCH BATMAN- AS MISS O'DAY CAN TESTIFY!

THERE'S SOME SIMILARITY- BOTH YOUR HEARTS ARE IN THE RIGHT PLACE!











# VERN STEPHENS

HOME RUN CHAMPION  
OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE, 1945

THE BROWNS' BRILLIANT SHORTSTOP WAS A "LEAGUE LEADER" HIS FIRST FULL YEAR IN ORGANIZED BASEBALL. IN 1939 HE LEAD THE KITTY LEAGUE WITH A BATTING AVERAGE OF .361, 30 HOME RUNS, AND 123 RUNS BATTED IN

I'VE GOT TWO REASONS FOR EATING 'EM HAVEN'T I?

"I'VE GOT TWO GOOD REASONS FOR LIKING WHEATIES," EXPLAINS CHAMPION VERN STEPHENS. (1) I LIKE TO START THE DAY WITH SOME SOLID NOURISHMENT. SO NATURALLY I INCLUDE MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES. "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS." (2) I REALLY GO FOR THAT SWELL WHEATIES FLAVOR."

THIS PACKAGE TELLS HOW TO GET YOUR BOOKS

A BOOK ON DEFENSE

A BOOK ON OFFENSE

"I'VE NOTICED THAT PLENTY OF YOUNG BALLPLAYERS IMPROVE PLENTY FAST ONCE THEY GET SOME GOOD COACHING," SAYS VERN STEPHENS. "IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN PLAYING BASEBALL, YOU CAN FIND SOME MIGHTY GOOD COACHING TIPS IN WHEATIES NEW LIBRARY OF SPORTS BOOKS. 'WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?' INCIDENTALLY, I APPEAR IN THE BOOKS AND SO DO 33 OTHER BIG LEAGUERS"



# "PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP

S.O.S. POLICE-BOAT LONG OVERDUE PEPSI AND PETE MISSING S.O.S.

PEPSI, I'M SICK IN TWO PLACES - I'M SEA-SICK AN' I'M HOME-SICK!

SAY! LOOKS LIKE AN ISLAND!

AN ISLAND! IMAGINE AN ISLAND IN ALL THIS OCEAN!

WE GOTTA FIND SOME WATER PETE. WE ONLY GOT ONE PEPSI-COLA BETWEEN US!

HEY, PEPSI! I FOUND A SPRING OF NICE FRESH--

--WATER!

GOLLY, LOOKS LIKE PETE'S UP A SPOUT!

QUICK! TIE TH' ROPE AROUND YOU, PETE!

AAH, WHAT A WHALE OF A DRINK!

HELP!

NOW JUST A LITTLE PEPPER ON THE NOSE!

- AND THAR SHE BLOWS!

CHOO!

CHEER UP, PETE, YOU OLD JONAH! I SAVED A LITTLE SIP FOR YOU!

MORE PEPSI, MORE! I KNEW THERE WUZ SUMP'N FISHY ABOUT THIS ISLAND!

## PEPSI SEZ:

DON'T BE A SIMPLE SIMON - ASK FOR A BIG PEPSI-COLA!





BATMAN



# BATMAN

WITH ROBIN

THE BOY

HOLLYWOOD!  
CITY OF GLAMOR,  
EXCITEMENT AND INTRIGUE—  
WHERE, AMID A BACKGROUND  
OF COSTUME AND GREASEPAINT,  
THE MOST AMBITIOUS CRIME OF THE  
DECADE IS CONCEIVED—FILM-NAPING!  
THE THEFT OF A FEATURE FILM WORTH  
A MILLION DOLLARS GALVANIZES  
BATMAN AND ROBIN INTO ACTION  
IN A PICTURESQUE FAIRYLAND SUD-  
DENLY TURNED SINISTER AND DEADLY  
FOR THE BIG...

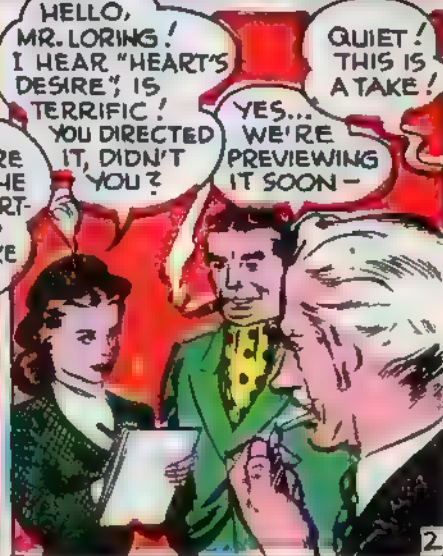
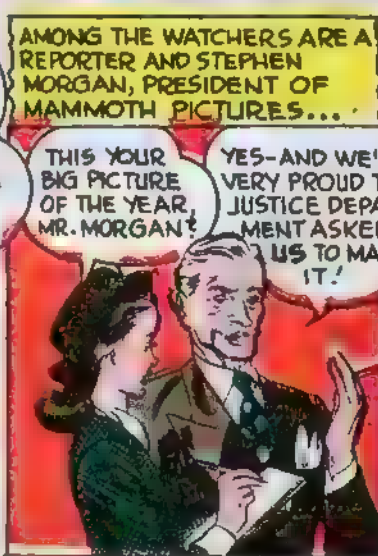
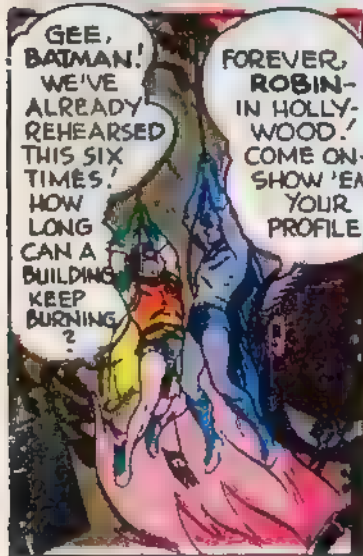
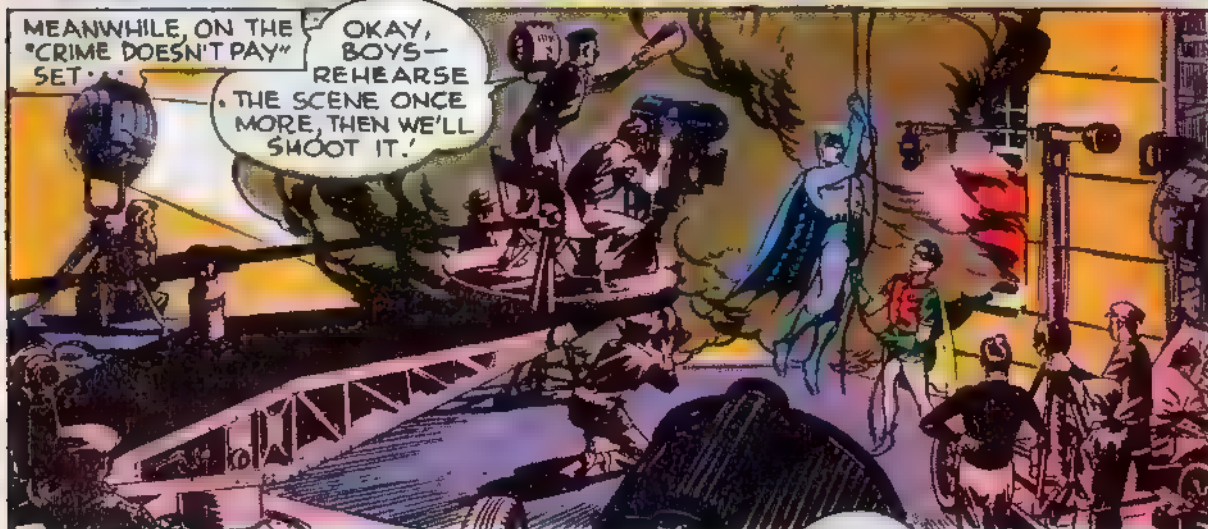
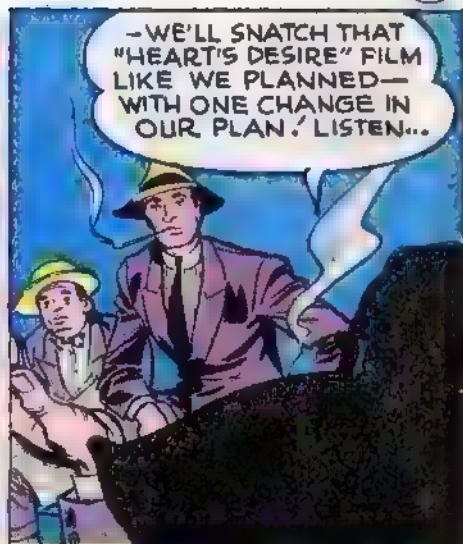
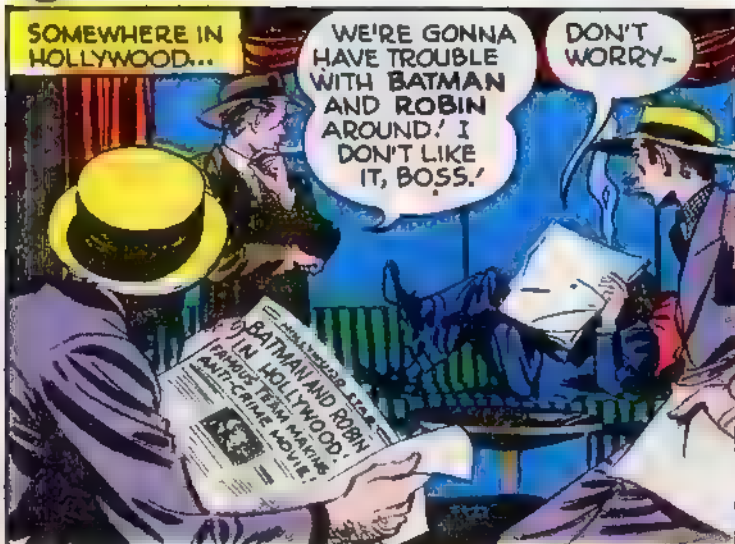
**'Hollywood  
Hoax!'**

CRIME DOESN'T  
PAY

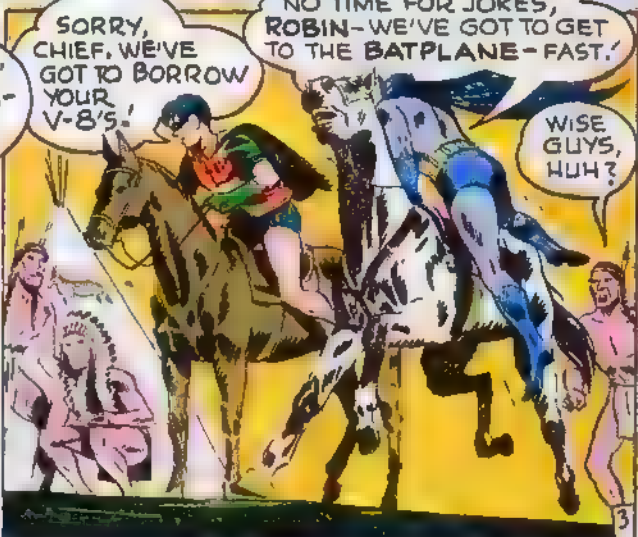
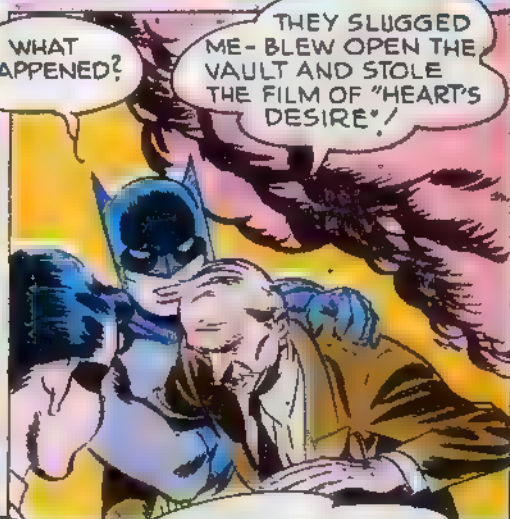
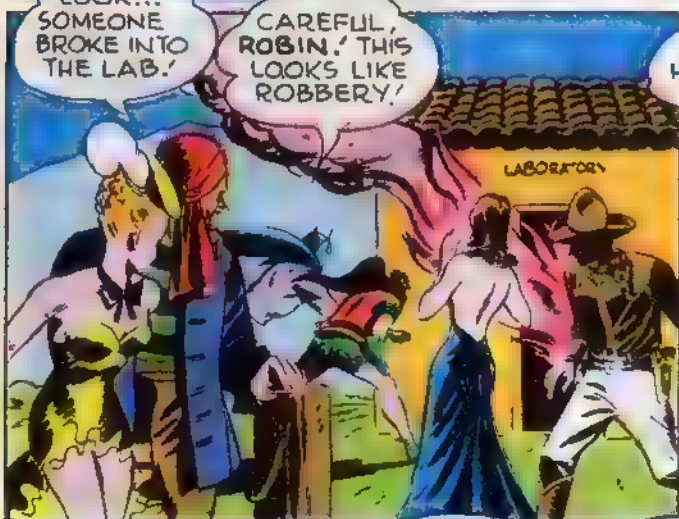
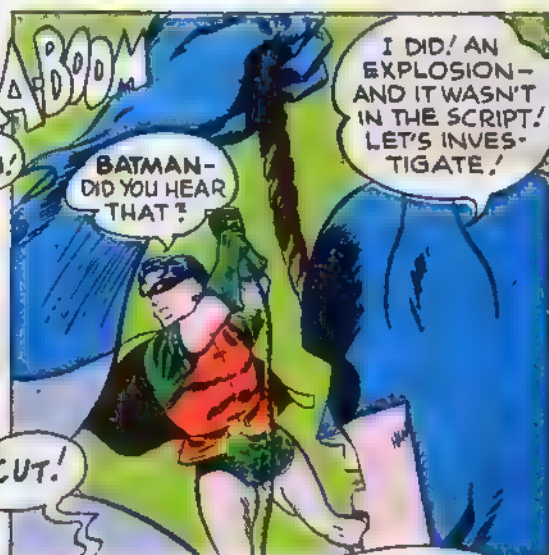
NOW PLAYING



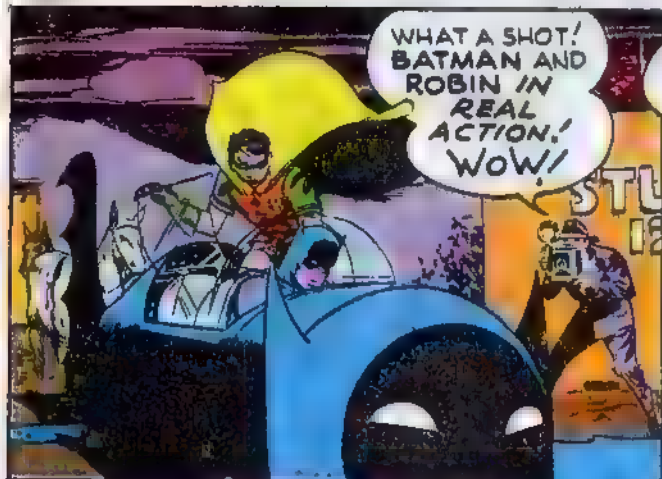




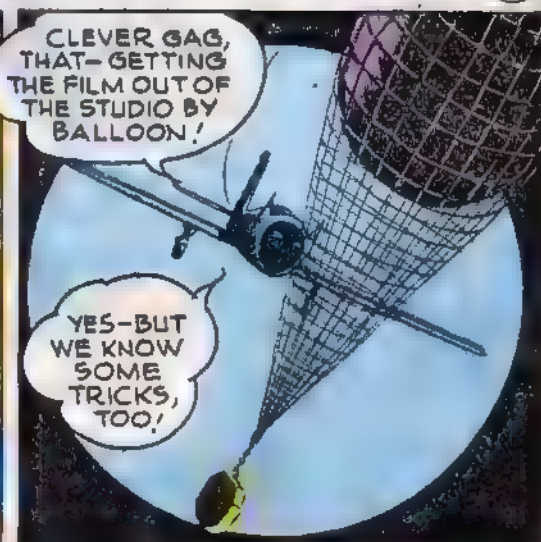








WHAT A SHOT!  
BATMAN AND  
ROBIN IN  
REAL  
ACTION!  
WOW!



CLEVER GAG,  
THAT- GETTING  
THE FILM OUT OF  
THE STUDIO BY  
BALLOON!

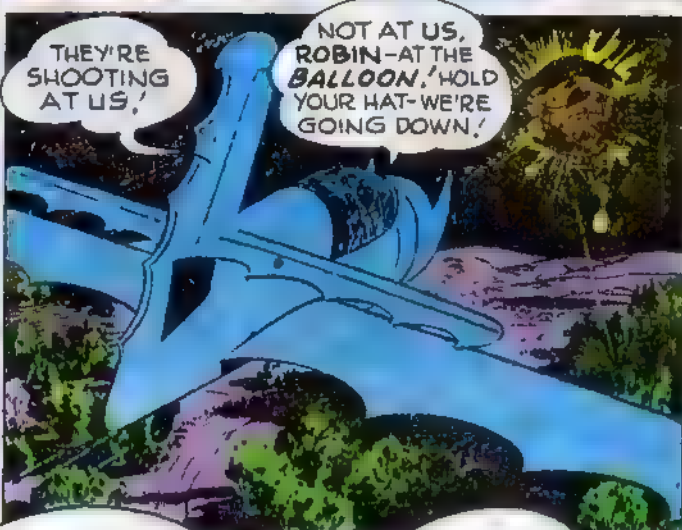
YES-BUT  
WE KNOW  
SOME  
TRICKS,  
TOO!

MEANWHILE, ON THE GROUND...



IT'LL BE A  
BREEZE, PUTTIN'  
A SLUG IN THAT  
CRAZY-LOOKIN'  
PLANE!

NEVER  
MIND THE  
PLANE!  
SHOOT  
DOWN THE  
BALLOON!



THEY'RE  
SHOOTING  
AT US!

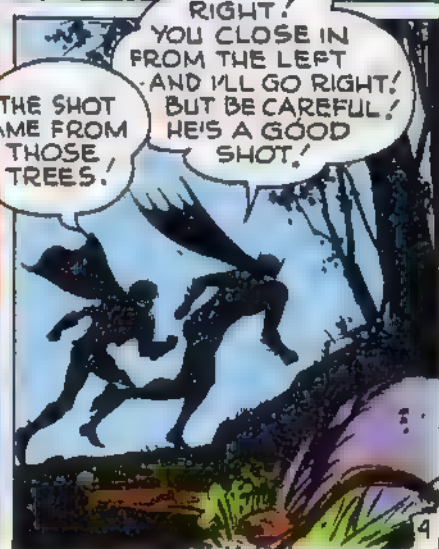
NOT AT US,  
ROBIN-AT THE  
BALLOON! HOLD  
YOUR HAT-WE'RE  
GOING DOWN!



OH-OH-  
MORE  
TRICKS!  
IT'S  
EMPTY!



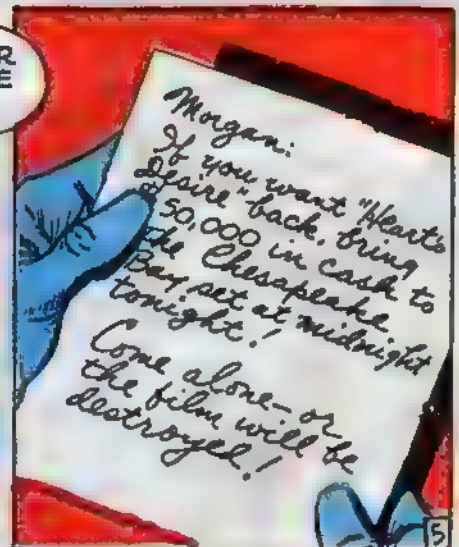
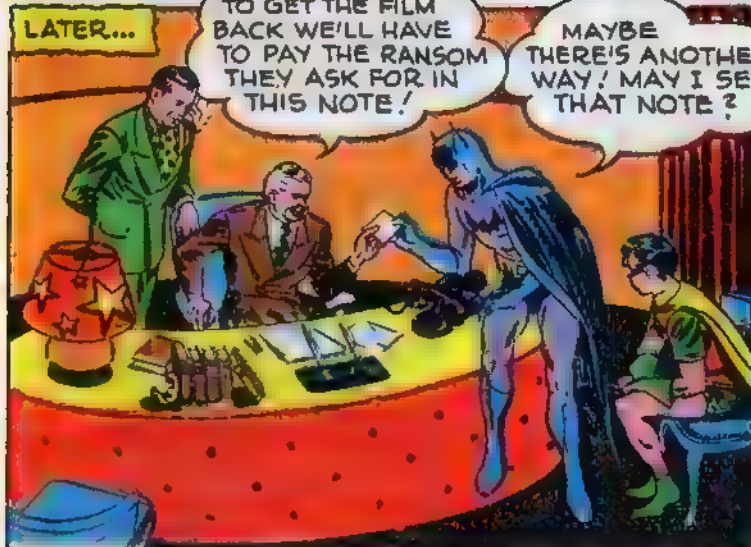
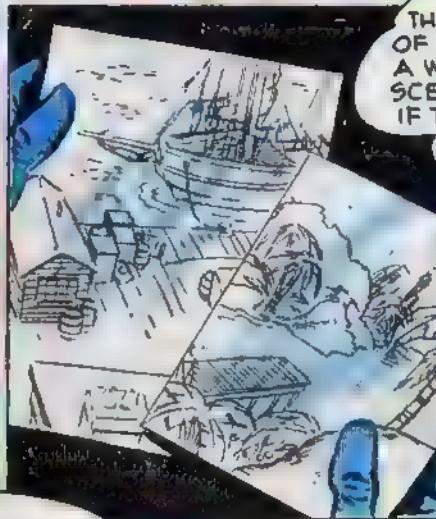
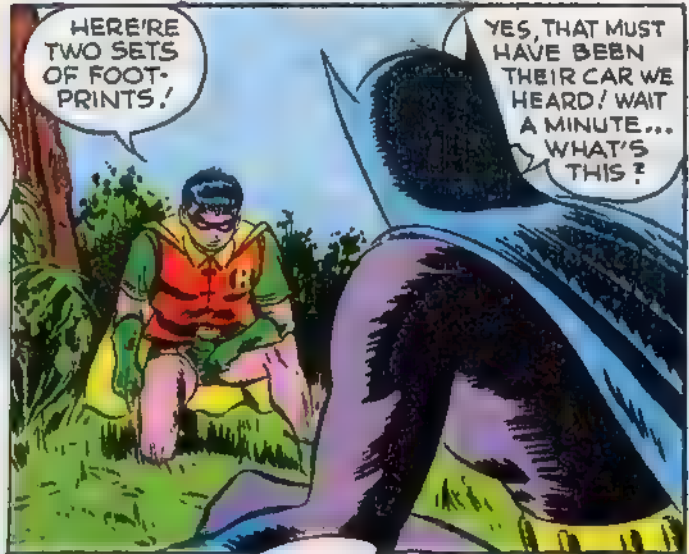
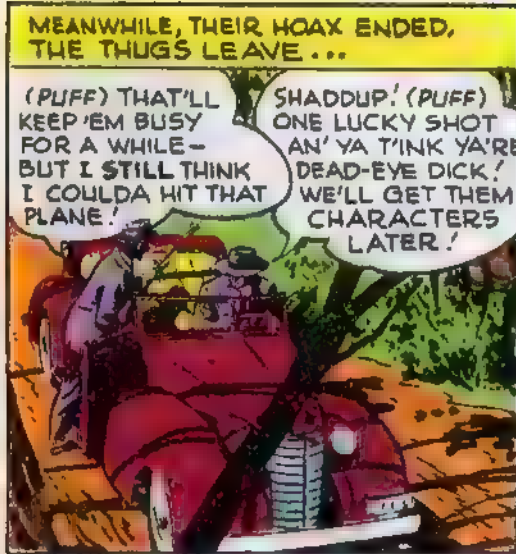
HMM... COME  
ON, LET'S LOOK  
FOR THE GUNMAN  
WHO FIRED THAT  
SHOT!



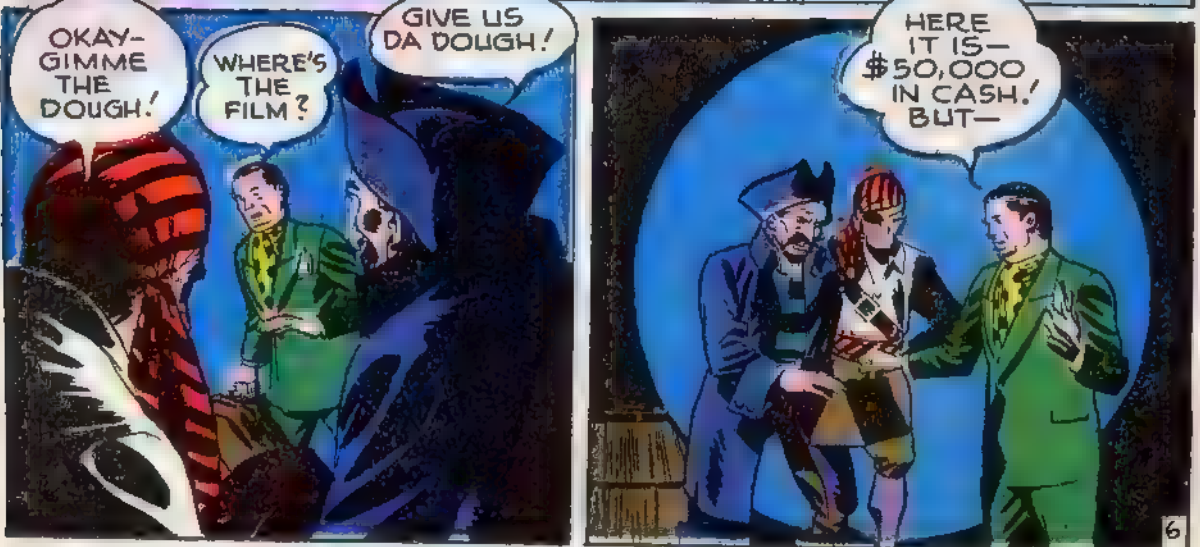
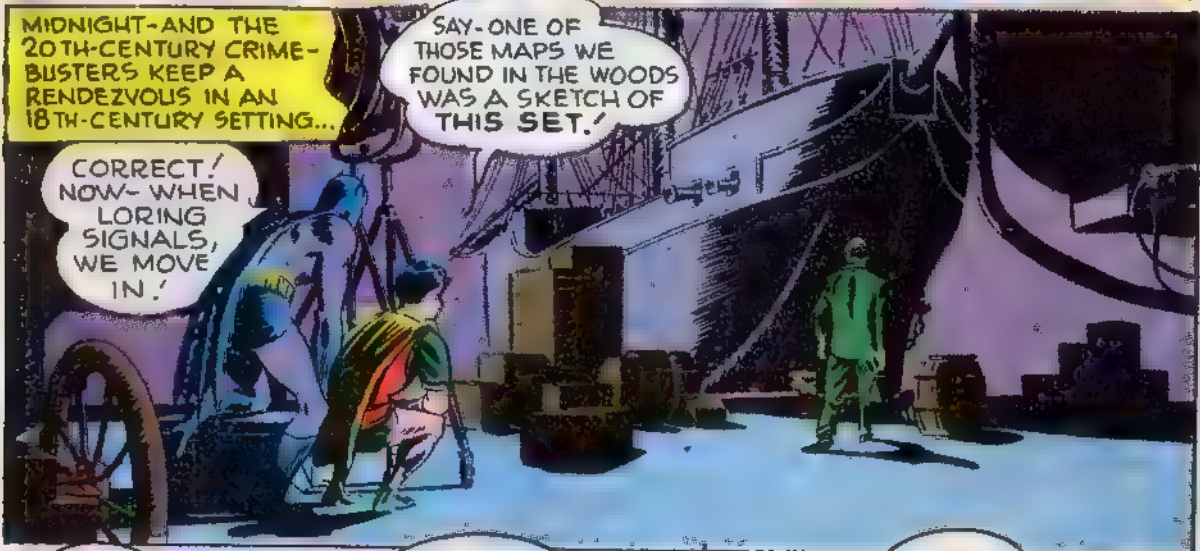
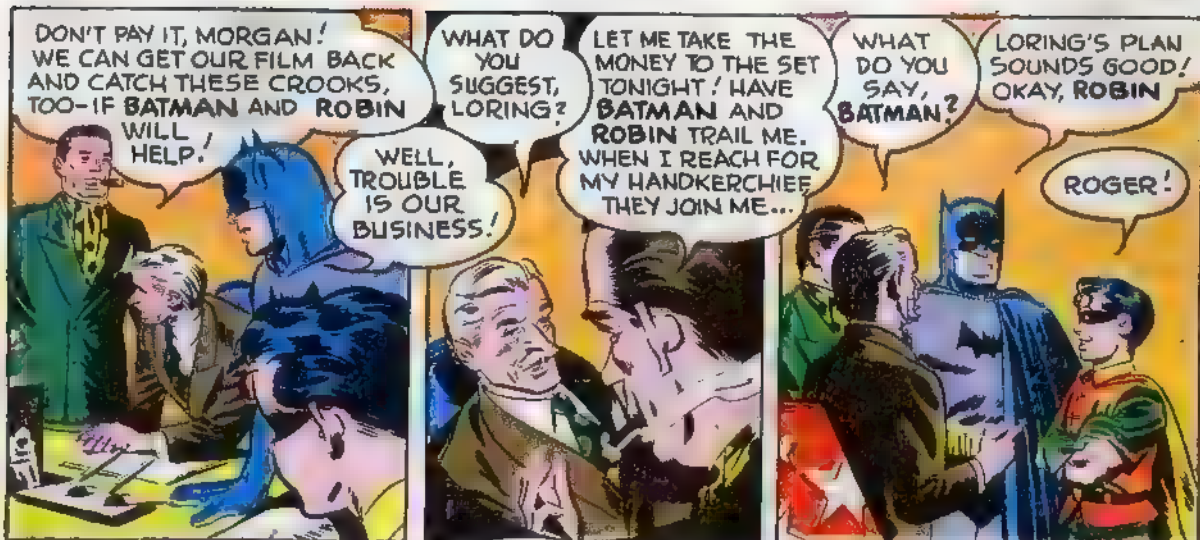
THE SHOT  
CAME FROM  
THOSE  
TREES!

RIGHT!  
YOU CLOSE IN  
FROM THE LEFT  
-AND I'LL GO RIGHT!  
BUT BE CAREFUL!  
HE'S A GOOD  
SHOT!

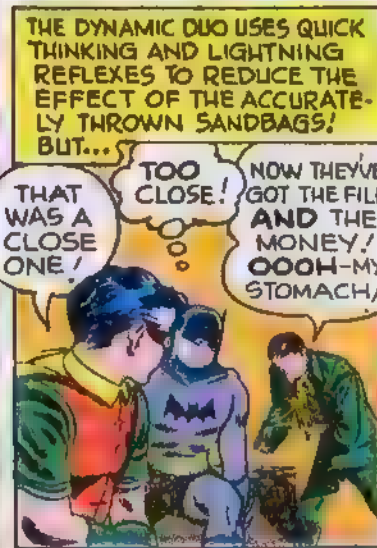
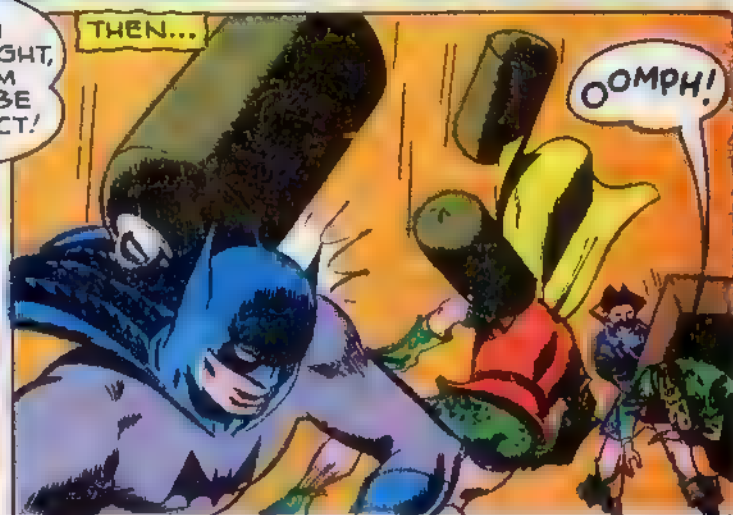
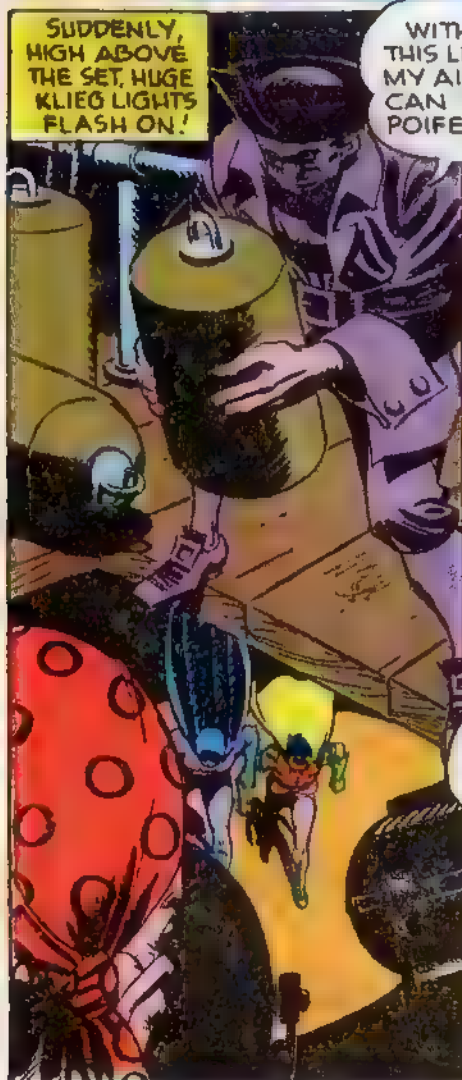
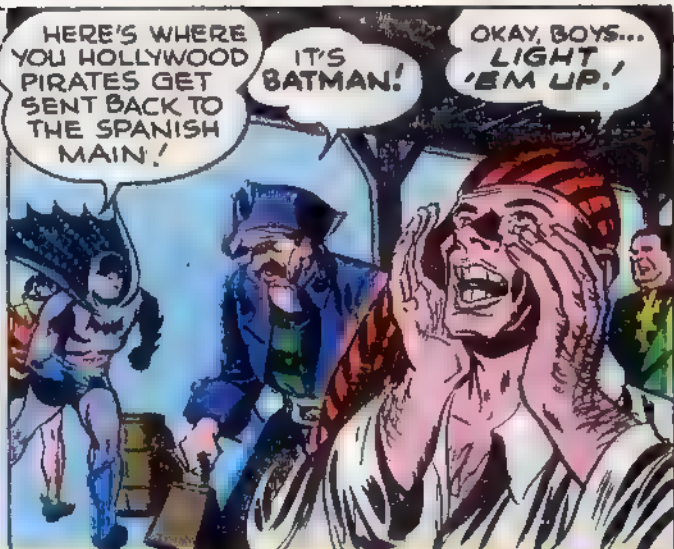




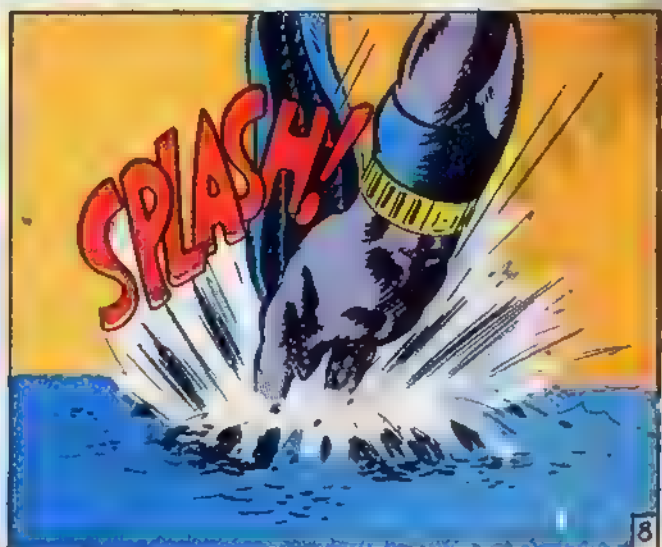
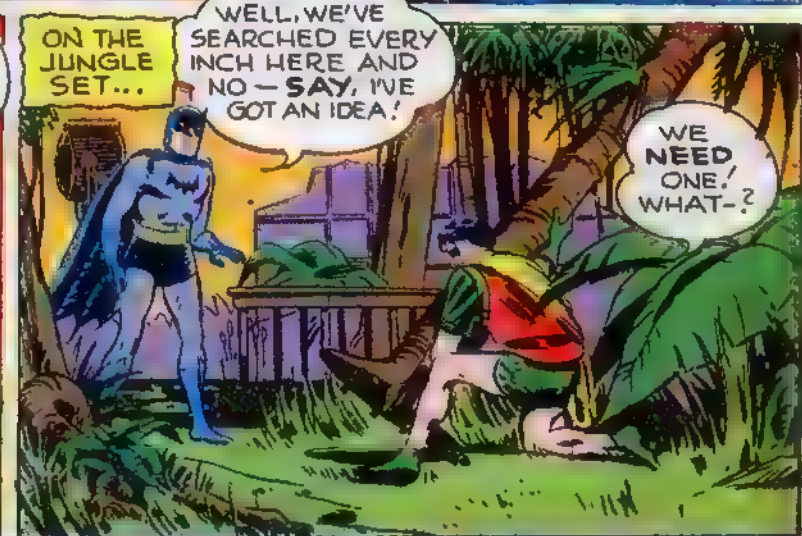
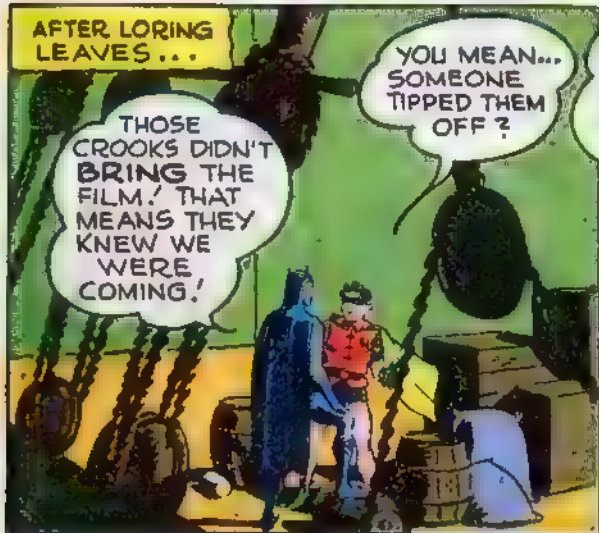




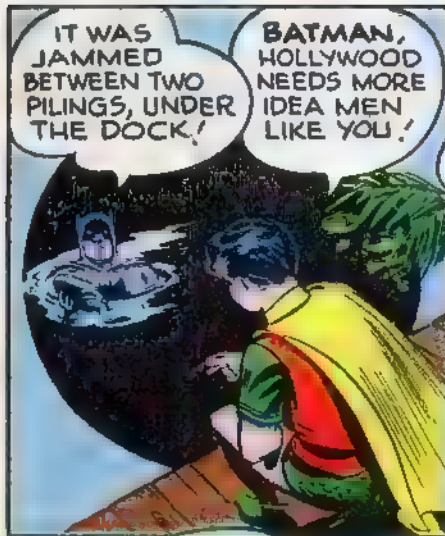






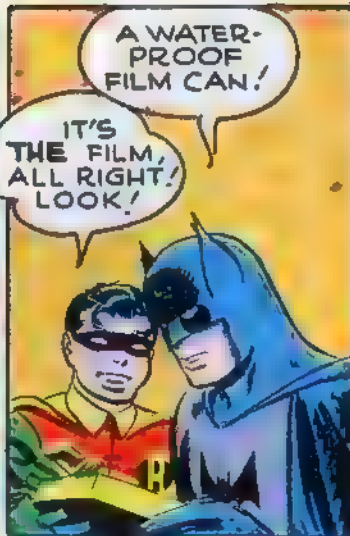






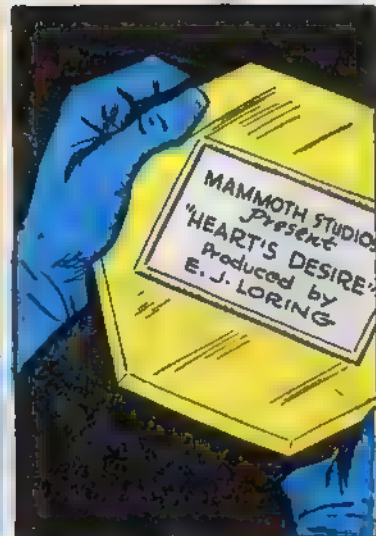
IT WAS  
JAMMED  
BETWEEN TWO  
PILINGS, UNDER  
THE DOCK!

BATMAN,  
HOLLYWOOD  
NEEDS MORE  
IDEA MEN  
LIKE YOU!

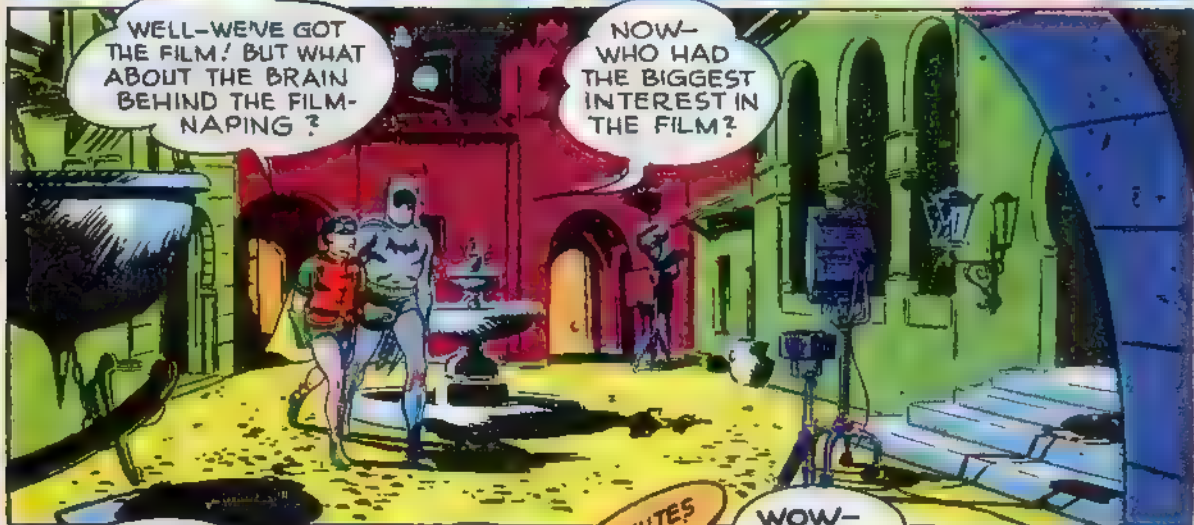


A WATER-  
PROOF  
FILM CAN!

IT'S  
THE FILM,  
ALL RIGHT!  
LOOK!

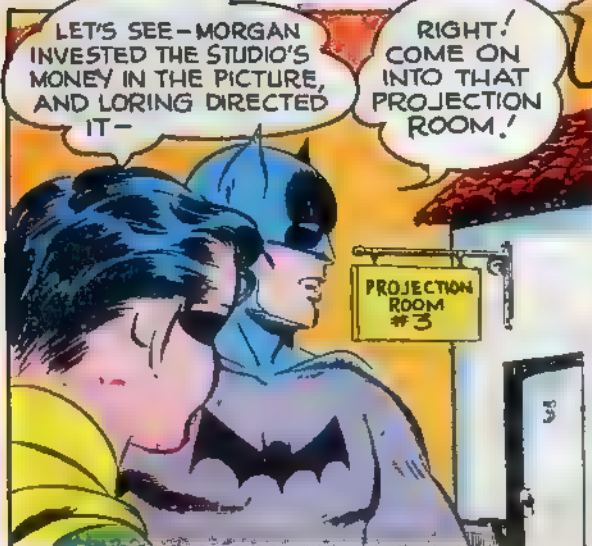


MAMMOTH STUDIOS  
Present  
"HEART'S DESIRE"  
Produced by  
E. J. LORING



WELL—WE'VE GOT  
THE FILM! BUT WHAT  
ABOUT THE BRAIN  
BEHIND THE FILM-  
NAPING?

NOW—  
WHO HAD  
THE BIGGEST  
INTEREST IN  
THE FILM?



LET'S SEE—MORGAN  
INVESTED THE STUDIO'S  
MONEY IN THE PICTURE,  
AND LORING DIRECTED  
IT—

RIGHT!  
COME ON  
INTO THAT  
PROJECTION  
ROOM!

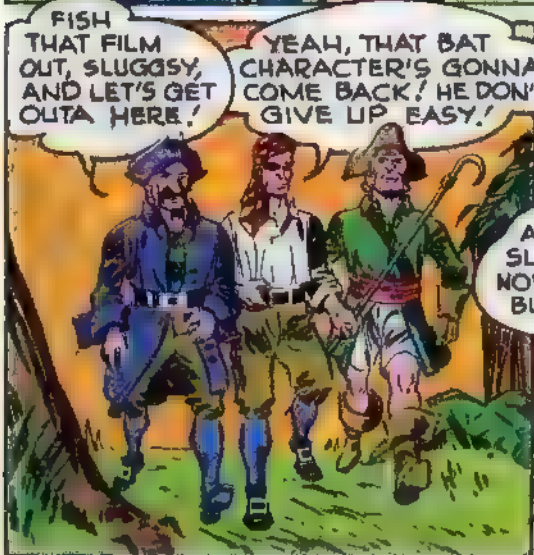
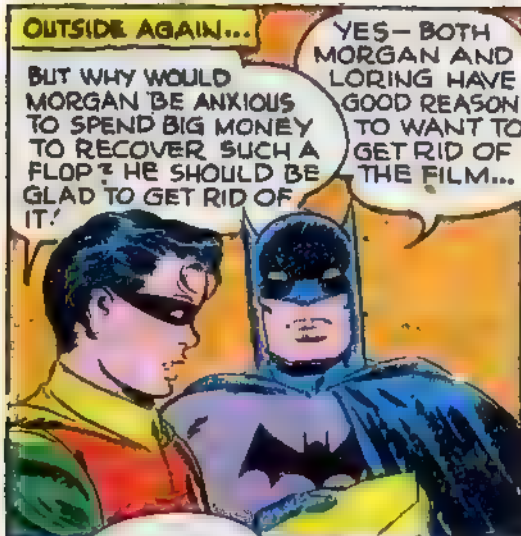
MINUTES  
PASS...



WOW—  
WHAT A  
TURKEY! LORING'S  
REPUTATION AS A DIRECTOR  
WON'T BE HELPED BY  
THIS! SWITCH IT OFF!

SO  
LORING  
SHOULD  
BE HAPPY  
IF THE FILM  
NEVER  
TURNS  
UP!









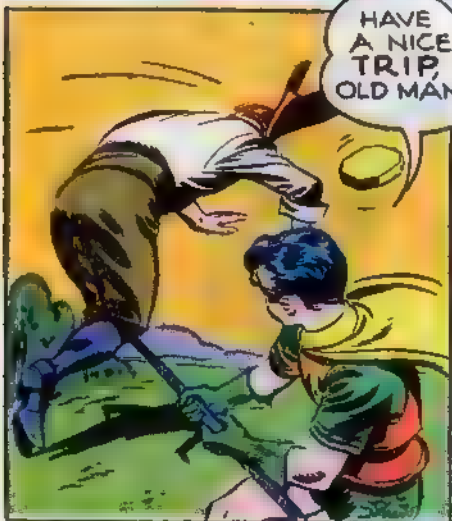
MEANWHILE, IN THE RECORDING BOOTH...

ORDERS IS ORDERS, SLUGGSY- AND LORING'S DA BOSS!

AAHH- THAT'S WHAT I WANTED.



HAVE A NICE TRIP, OLD MAN!



THEN, THE ROUNDUP...

OO-O-PH!

ALL RIGHT, SAND-BAGGING SAM- WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?



FINALLY...

I'LL TURN THESE BRAVE BUCCANEERS OVER TO THE STUDIO POLICE, ROBIN! YOU GET THE RECORD FROM THE RECORDING BOOTH!

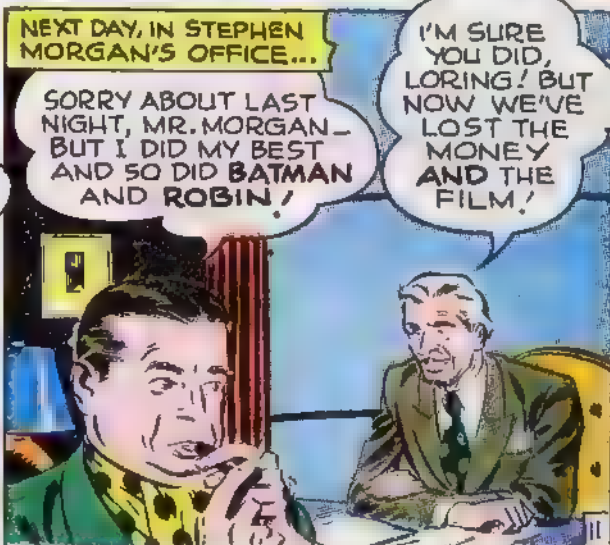
OKAY, BATMAN!



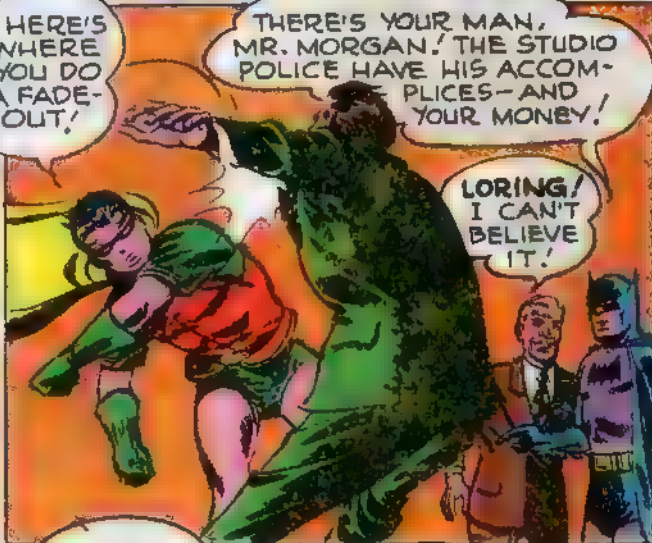
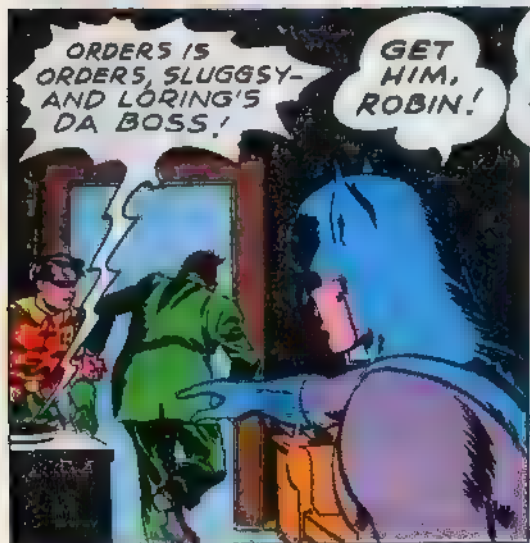
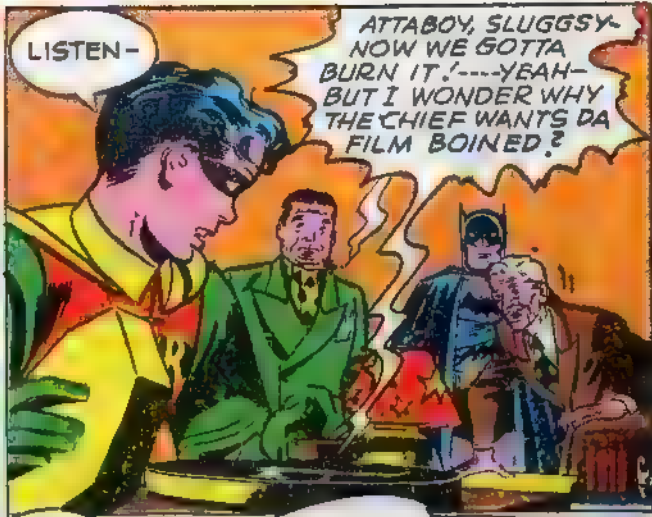
NEXT DAY, IN STEPHEN MORGAN'S OFFICE...

SORRY ABOUT LAST NIGHT, MR. MORGAN- BUT I DID MY BEST AND SO DID BATMAN AND ROBIN!

I'M SURE YOU DID, LORING! BUT NOW WE'VE LOST THE MONEY AND THE FILM!



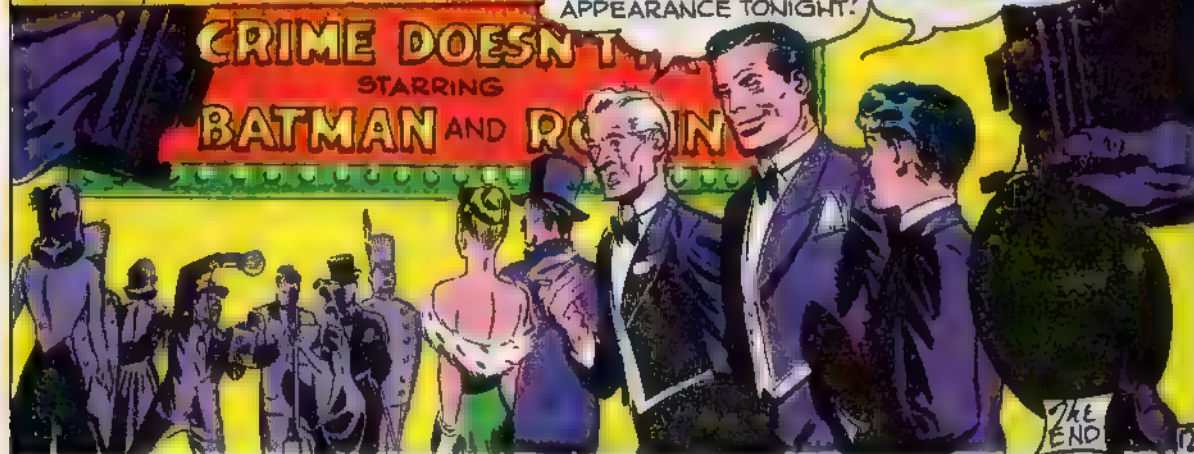




WEEKS LATER, MR. MORGAN TAKES HIS GOOD FRIENDS, BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON, TO A BIG PREMIERE...

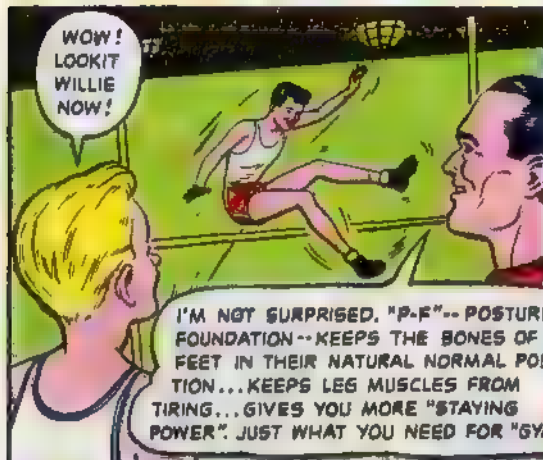
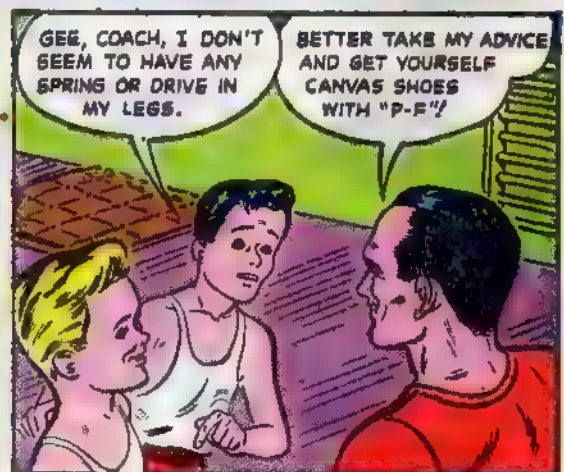
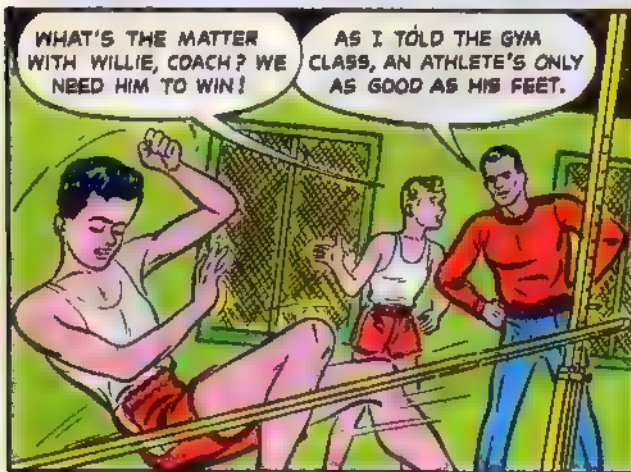
I'M SORRY BATMAN AND ROBIN COULDN'T MAKE A PERSONAL APPEARANCE TONIGHT!

I HEAR THEY DON'T LIKE CROWDS!





# FROM "LEAD FOOT" TO ANCHOR MAN



## HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER IN GYM WORK

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



**"P-F"** MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION-- A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY B.F. GOODRICH OR HOOD RUBBER CO.



**FOR SPINE-TINGLING ACTION...**



**OR RIB-TICKLING HUMOR...**



**LOOK FOR THIS  
SUPERMAN D-C SYMBOL !**

IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE  
OF THE BEST IN  
MAGAZINE COMICS !





# KILLING DOES'NT PAY

By AL SINGER

**C**ASSIUS CARMODY was Placerville's old and only blacksmith. His forge was just a short distance from Main Street. Carmody did a good business. He was a well-liked man and his fame was spread throughout the county. Consequently, he was seldom surprised when strangers stopped to have their horses shod.

But the short, squat man who got off after reining in the big black bay caused Cassius to squint. Then he quickly averted his gaze. The black eyes of the man, squinting out between beetle brows, were looking steadily at him.

For a moment, Cassius' pulse raced. Would the man say anything? Had he suspected something? Cassius' eyes took in the broad figure quickly, noted the leather thong which held the man's holster to his thigh. The mark of a killer. . . .

"Know anything about guns?" grunted the visitor.

"Yes. A little." Cassius studied the stranger's face. "What kin I do fer you, Mister?"

Rather reluctantly, the man said, "Name's Jenkins. Come up from the Panhandle."

"Yes," Cassius thought quickly, "I know you do. I never forget a face." Yet, he wasn't too sure. This man resembled Bob Coles, whom Sheriff Tatum had killed for rustling just a month ago.

The next moment thoughts of Coles were temporarily out of his mind. He marvelled at the new six-gun the stranger pressed into his hand, saying, "I want that hammer filed, so I'll have a hair trigger. Can you do it?"

"I think so," Cassius said slowly. He inspected the gun. "But what's this?" His finger indicated a small piece of metal.

"Safety catch. Latest thing on pistols. You don't have to rest the hammer on an

empty chamber anymore." He watched as Cassius fiddled with the catch a moment, then said, impatiently, "How long'll this take? I want to be in town by noontime."

"'Bout half an hour." Cassius put the gun into a vise, bent over it. He was surprised to find his pulses racing. Jenkins wanted to get into town by noon. This was Saturday and at noontime there was always a heavy shopping crowd.

Casualty, the stranger said, "That young Sheriff Tatum still around Placerville?"

Cassius almost dropped his file; for he, too, had had Sheriff Tatum in mind! Then it was true—there was a connection between this stranger and the popular Tatum!

"Sure," Cassius said. "He eats at the Placerville Palace every day, if you should be wanting to see him."

The man laughed, said curtly, "Mebbe I do. But I don't make it a practice to look up sheriffs." There was a challenge in his voice. "I don't look like that kind of hombre, do I?"

Cassius thought quickly. "I never judge a man," he said, "I believe in minding my own business."

The bushy brows drew together. "Not a bad idea, podner." Jenkins walked toward the door. "I'm going to look over my cayuse. Hurry it up."

"Sure, sure!" Cassius' nimble fingers went to work. His mind, equally nimble, was trying to conjure up the picture he was sure would take place in town. Soon. This man had said his name was Jenkins. It wasn't. He was Rafe Coles, brother of the slain Bob. "I'd bet my smithy on it!" Cassius whispered to himself. "He's heard how Tatum shot Bob and he's here to kill Tatum."

There couldn't be any other reason. Else



why would Rafe Coles, who had a reputation as a killer throughout the Southwest, and whose face adorned the walls of numerous postoffices on reward posters, have risked coming here.

Somehow, he'd have to get warning to young Tatum, tell him this killer was heading his way. But how? There wasn't any way of beating Coles into town. He'd be shot if he tried it, and Cassius wanted to live a while longer.

Absently, he raised the gun from the vise, tried the trigger. It would need a little more snap. This safety catch . . . Suddenly, Cassius tensed. It was a long chance, but why not? It would at least give Tatum a break, something Coles wouldn't give him.

He bent over the gun again. In a few moments, he said, "It's finished, stranger."

The man took it, snapped the trigger. "Good," he said. "How much?"

Cassius told him. Then, after paying, and without saying goodbye, the man mounted the big bay and rode into town.

Rafe Coles was feeling very satisfied with himself as he rode down the main street. He hitched his horse at the Last Chance saloon, but didn't go inside. His attention was rivetted on the shack across the street. Bars at the side windows showed it to be the town jail. A big sign—SHERIFF—was over the front door.

Rafe Coles glowered. It was almost noon. Any moment now, if his information was right, Sheriff Tatum, the man who had killed his brother, would be coming out the door, on his way to eat.

Suddenly, Coles stiffened. The door opened. He had never seen Tatum before, but he knew it was the man he sought. The bright sheriff's star was enough for him. Nevertheless, secure in the sense of power his new gun gave him, knowing the edge he had over the Sheriff, Coles' hand went leisurely to his pistol. He slipped off the safety catch. Then he yelled: "Tatum!"

The sheriff looked over, surprised.

"I'm Rafe Coles!" There was murder

in Coles' voice. "I came up here to pay my brother's debt!"

His narrowed eyes watched the sheriff. Despite his hatred of the lawman, Coles couldn't help but feel grudging admiration. The sheriff had shown no surprise, no fear, over being accosted by the Southwest's most feared killer.

"He had it coming to him," Tatum said.

All around him, the streets were clearing like magic. Someone had spread the feared name of Rafe Coles and it was going up and down the dusty street like wildfire. Everyone hastened to get under cover. Stray bullets had a nasty way of killing innocent bystanders.

Now, Tatum looked evenly across the street. Coles was approaching him slowly, but the sheriff's voice didn't falter. "Want to surrender, Coles, or get carried out of town?"

Coles snarled at the sheriff. His hand snaked to his holster. The gun popped in. At the same instant, with a rapid motion, Tatum brought his gun into play. Everyone watching knew he had drawn slower than Coles. He'd be dead in an instant.

But what had happened? Coles had gotten the gun out fast enough. He had pulled the hair trigger. But no bullet had come out. The hammer hadn't clicked.

"The safety catch!" Coles muttered. "The—"

And then he pitched forward as two slugs from Tatum's gun tore into his body.

On his farm, later, Cassius Carmody heard the story from his wife, who had witnessed the shooting. "It was strange, Cassius, very strange. He had the draw on Tatum, and a new gun, but it didn't go off." Mrs. Carmody shook her head. "Everybody was talkin' about it, and wonderin' what happened."

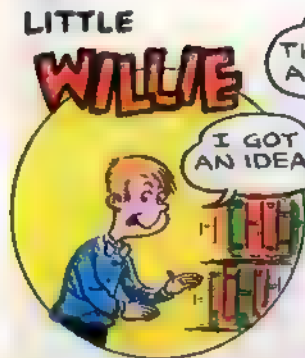
Cassius Carmody just smiled. Nobody would ever find out that he had reversed the safety catch to save Sheriff Tatum's life. For Cassius Carmody didn't believe in murder.





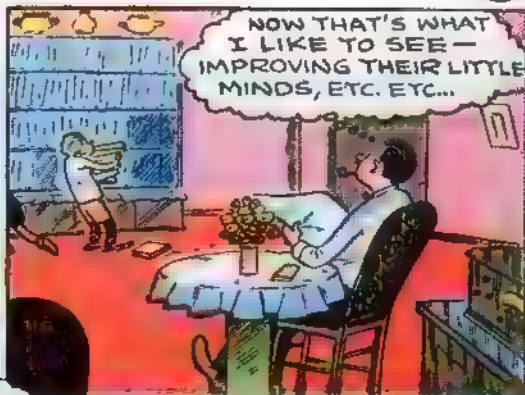
LITTLE

## WILLIE

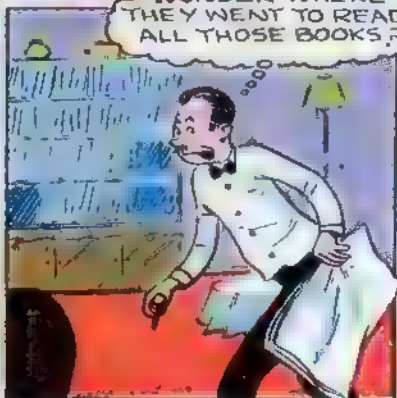


I GOT AN IDEA!

HERE, WE'LL TAKE THESE ENCYCLOPEDIAS AND THE DICTIONARY AND...



NOW THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO SEE — IMPROVING THEIR LITTLE MINDS, ETC. ETC...



WONDER WHERE THEY WENT TO READ ALL THOSE BOOKS?



OOOOOHHHH!

Advertisement

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

# FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT. OFFICE

I CAN'T BEAR TO BE WITHOUT DUBBLE BUBBLE... IT'S SO GOOD!

SNAKES ALIVE... WHAT A WHOPPING PIECE YOU GET FOR A PENNY!

YOU AIN'T LION! AND EVERY PIECE IS WRAPPED IN FUNNIES!

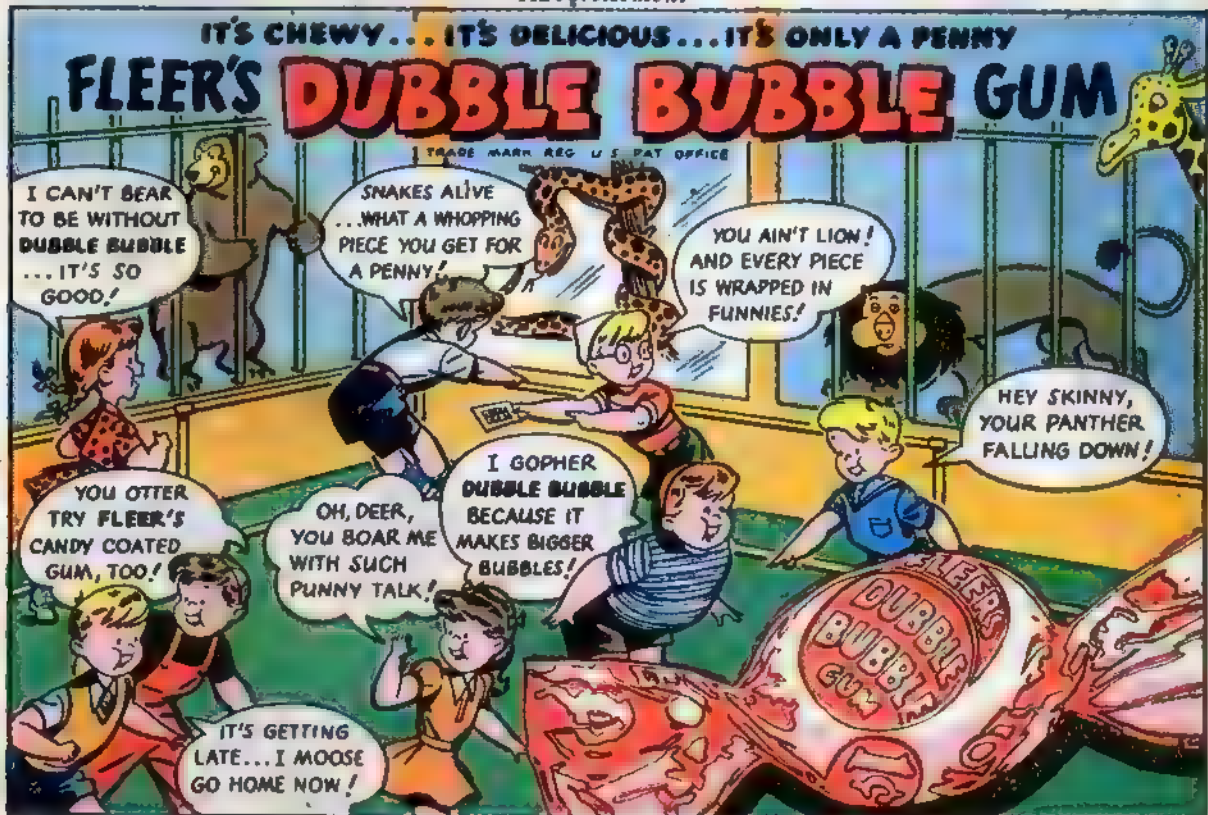
HEY SKINNY, YOUR PANTHER FALLING DOWN!

YOU OTTER TRY FLEER'S CANDY COATED GUM, TOO!

OH, DEER, YOU BOAR ME WITH SUCH PUNNY TALK!

I GOPHER DUBBLE BUBBLE BECAUSE IT MAKES BIGGER BUBBLES!

IT'S GETTING LATE... I MOOSE GO HOME NOW!



IF YOU WANT THE BEST, BE SURE TO ASK FOR DUBBLE BUBBLE





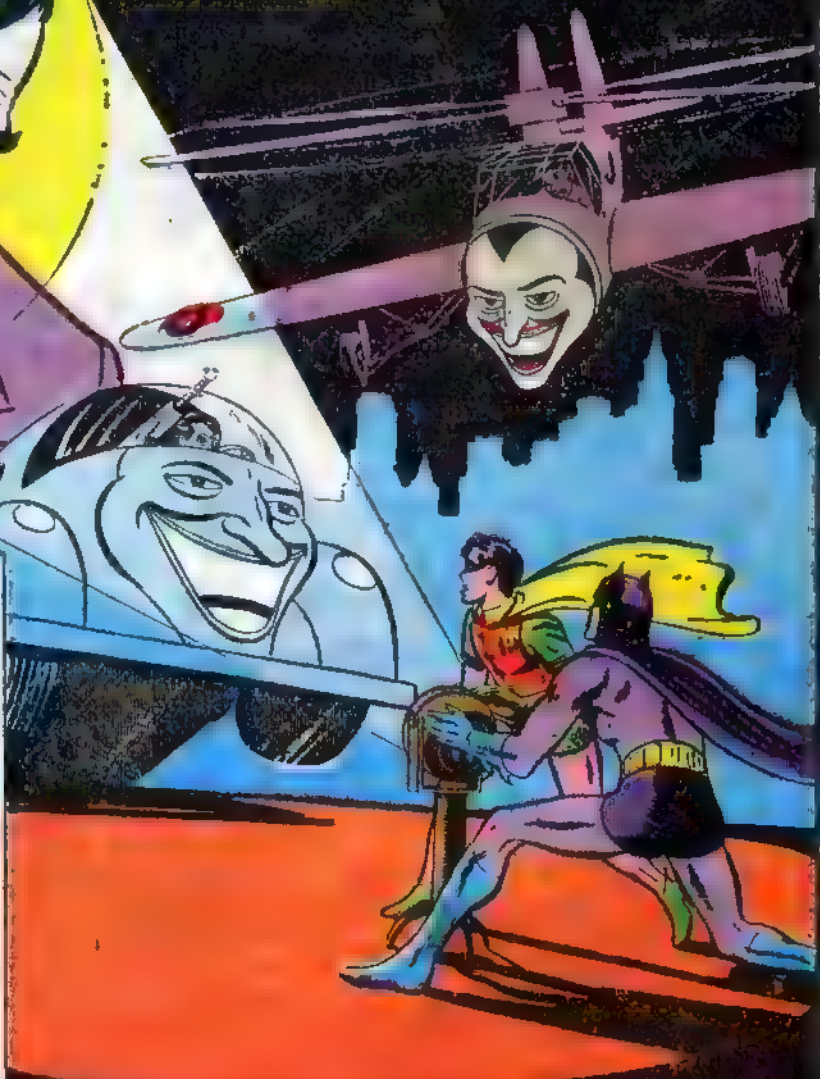
# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
THE BOY WONDER



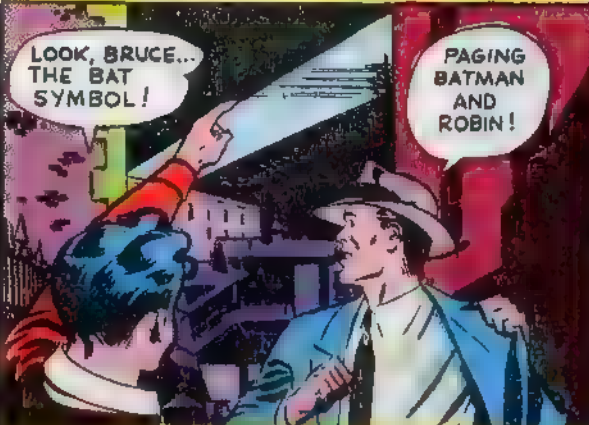
IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY—BUT WHEN THAT CACKLING CUT-UP OF THE CRIME WORLD, THE **JOKER**, APES THE SENSATIONAL TACTICS OF **BATMAN AND ROBIN**, GOTHAM CITY WITNESSES A BEWILDERING GAME OF DOUBLE-DEALING, INDEED. FACING AN OPPONENT WHOSE MOVES ARE FAMILIAR, THE DYNAMIC DUO PROVES THAT SOMETIMES FLATTERY CAN BE ALMOST FATALLY EMBARRASSING WHEN

"THE JOKER  
FOLLOWS SUIT!"



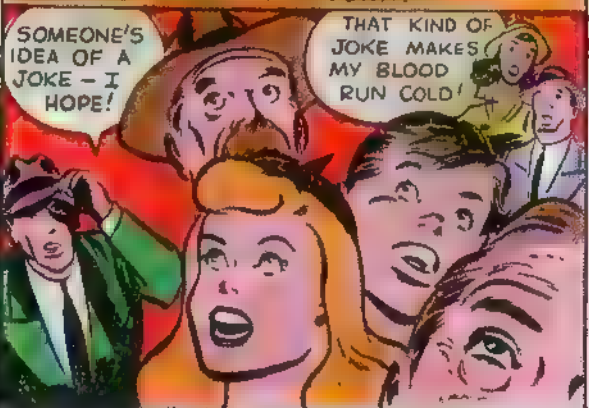


LIKE A GLEAMING DAGGER SUDDENLY UNSHEATHED, A SEARCHLIGHT BEAM STABS INTO THE NIGHT SKY OVER GOTHAM CITY....



AND BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON DRAW THE OBVIOUS CONCLUSION!

THE SURPRISE AND CONSTERNATION OF THE DYNAMIC DUO ARE REFLECTED IN OTHER FACES ALL AROUND THE TOWN!



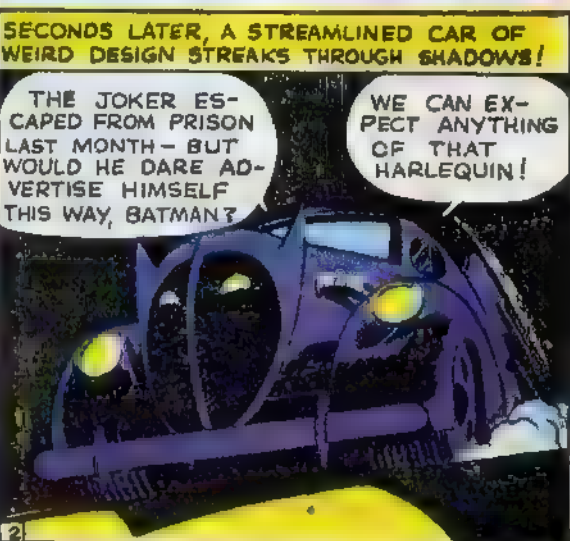
BUT NEXT MOMENT...



AND NO WONDER! FOR, FRAMED IN A LURID GLARE, A FIENDISH FACE GRINS DOWN UPON THE CITY....



....THE FACE OF THAT SPINNER OF SINISTER SKEINS — THE JOKER!





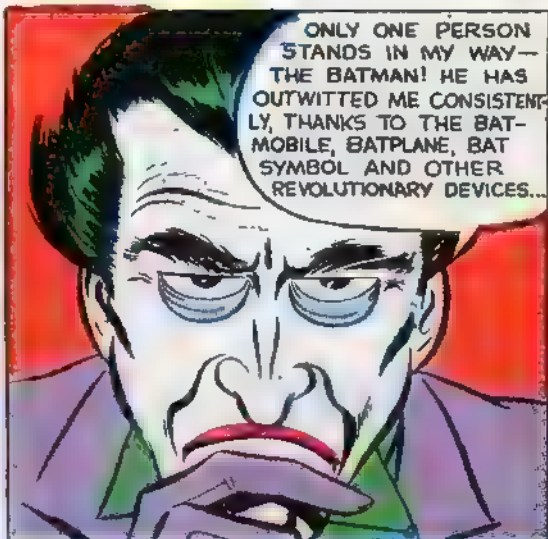


WHAT LIES BEHIND THE FANTASTIC PHENOMENA OF THE "JOKER SYMBOL"? LET US LOOK BACKWARD FOR THE ANSWER, TO A DAY FOLLOWING CLOSELY UPON THE CUNNING CRIME CLOWN'S ESCAPE...

HA, HA! WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE TO THINK THAT ANY JAIL CAN HOLD THE JOKER!



ONLY ONE PERSON STANDS IN MY WAY—THE BATMAN! HE HAS OUTWITTED ME CONSISTENTLY, THANKS TO THE BAT-MOBILE, BATPLANE, BAT-SYMBOL AND OTHER REVOLUTIONARY DEVICES...



BUT NO MORE! THE SAME WEAPONS HE HAS USED AGAINST ME, I CAN TURN AGAINST HIM—WITH SUCH IMPROVEMENTS AS ONLY MY GENIUS COULD DEVISE! HO, HO, HO, HO!

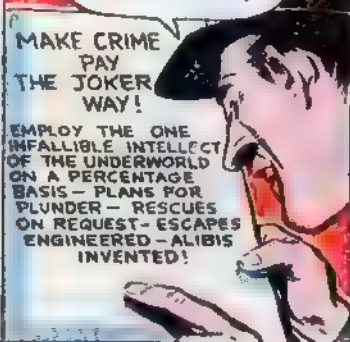


PRESENTLY, NEWS OF AN AMAZING INSURANCE PLAN SPREADS THROUGH THE UNDERWORLD!

WOW! IT'S OUR DREAM COME TRUE, FAUNTLEROY!

MAKE CRIME PAY THE JOKER WAY!

EMPLOY THE ONE INFALLIBLE INTELLECT OF THE UNDERWORLD ON A PERCENTAGE BASIS—PLANS FOR PLUNDER—RESCUES ON REQUEST—ESCAPES ENGINEERED—ALIBIS INVENTED!



GANG CHIEFTAINS AND LONE-WOLF OPERATORS FLOCK TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SLY SCHEMER!

PLAN ME A MILLYUN-DOLLAR JOB, JOKER!

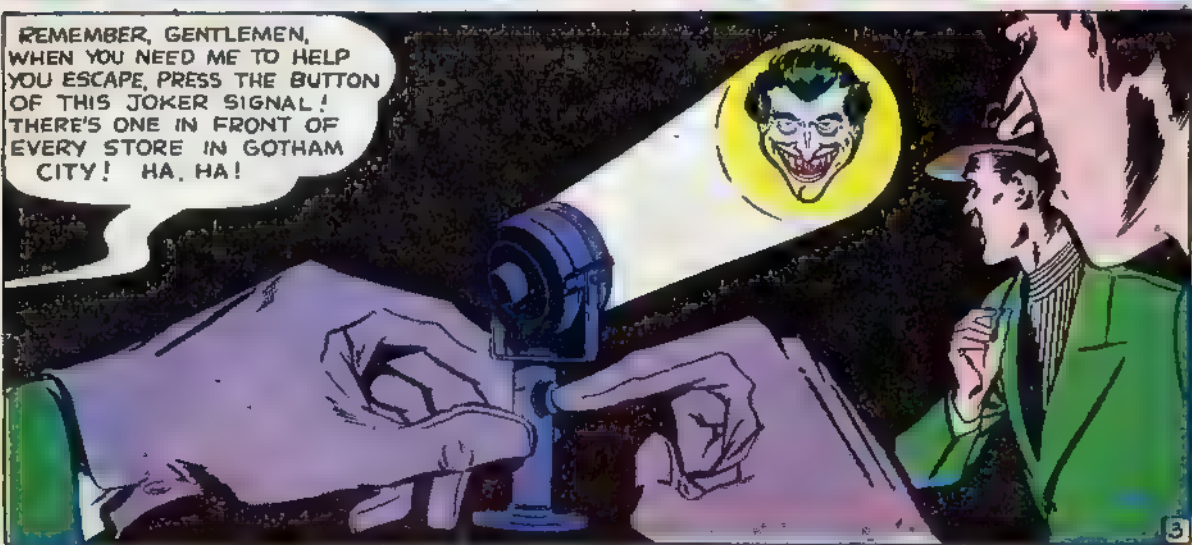
I WANT YOUR EMERGENCY RESCUE SERVICE!

ONE AT A TIME, GENTLEMEN! JUST SIGN THE CONTRACTS!

ME, TOO!



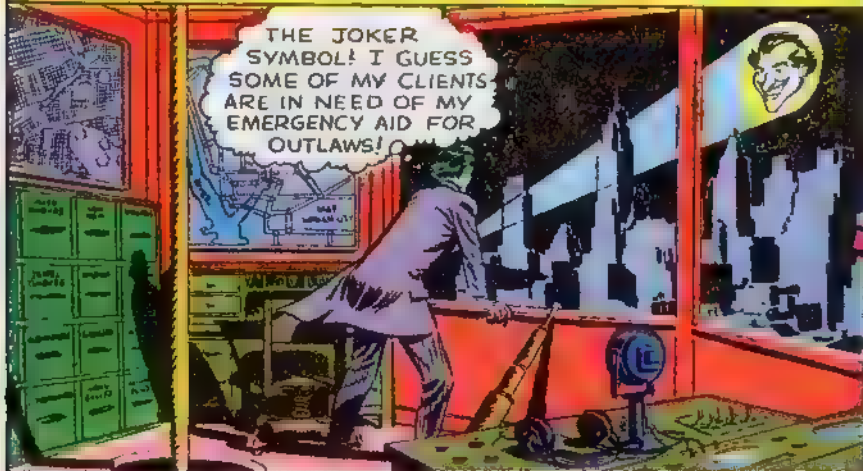
REMEMBER, GENTLEMEN, WHEN YOU NEED ME TO HELP YOU ESCAPE, PRESS THE BUTTON OF THIS JOKER SIGNAL! THERE'S ONE IN FRONT OF EVERY STORE IN GOTHAM CITY! HA, HA!





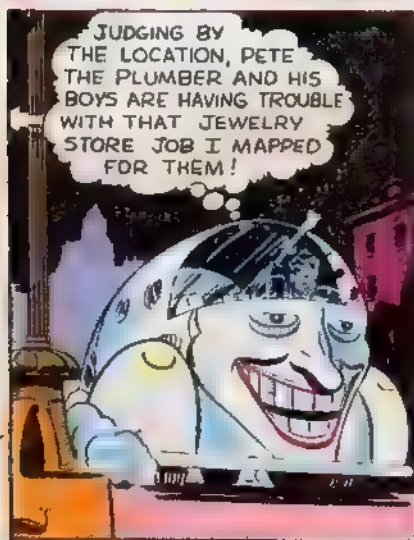


SO IT IS THAT, RETURNING TO THE PRESENT, WE FIND AN OBSERVER IN THE WATCHTOWER OF AN ABANDONED FIREHOUSE, HEEDING THE STRANGE SIGNAL!



THE JOKER SYMBOL! I GUESS SOME OF MY CLIENTS ARE IN NEED OF MY EMERGENCY AID FOR OUTLAWS!

IF THE BATMAN COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW, SPEEDING TO THE RESCUE IN MY JOKERMOBILE! HO, HO, HO!



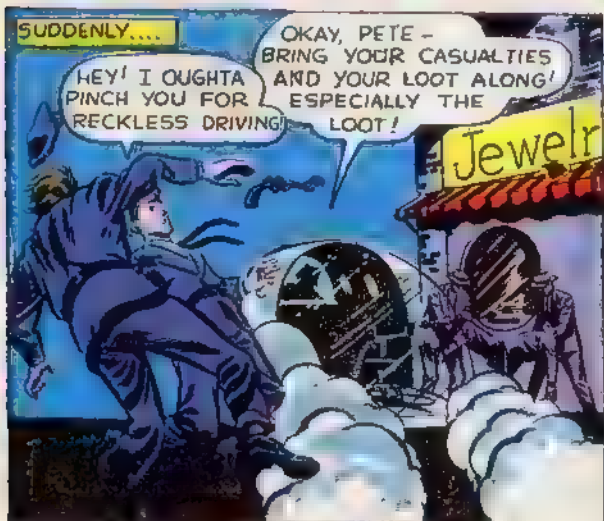
JUDGING BY THE LOCATION, PETE THE PLUMBER AND HIS BOYS ARE HAVING TROUBLE WITH THAT JEWELRY STORE JOB I MAPPED FOR THEM!

YES, INDEED - PETE THE PLUMBER AND HIS PALS ARE HAVING MORE TROUBLE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR!



THEY GOT NEEDLES, PETE!

THEY'LL GET US, TOO, SMOKY, IF THE JOKER DOESN'T SHOW UP IN A HURRY!



SUDDENLY....

HEY! I OUGHTA PINCH YOU FOR RECKLESS DRIVING!

OKAY, PETE - BRING YOUR CASUALTIES AND YOUR LOOT ALONG! ESPECIALLY THE LOOT!

Jewelry

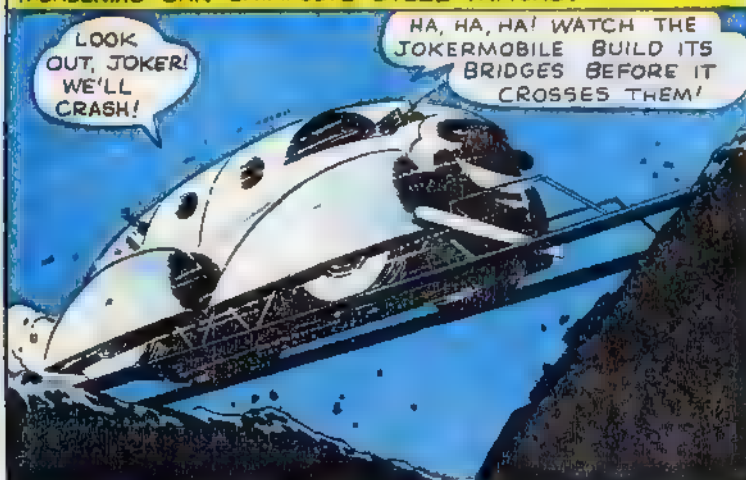
A SPLIT SECOND TOO LATE, THE BATMOBILE REACHES THE SCENE!

BATMAN! IT'S THE JOKER WITH PETE THE PLUMBER'S MOB! GET THEM! THERE'S A SEWER DITCH RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET HALF A BLOCK AHEAD!





**A YAWNING EXCAVATION BLOCKS THE ROAD - BUT THE JOKER'S THUNDERING CAR CATAPULTS STEEL TRACKS!**

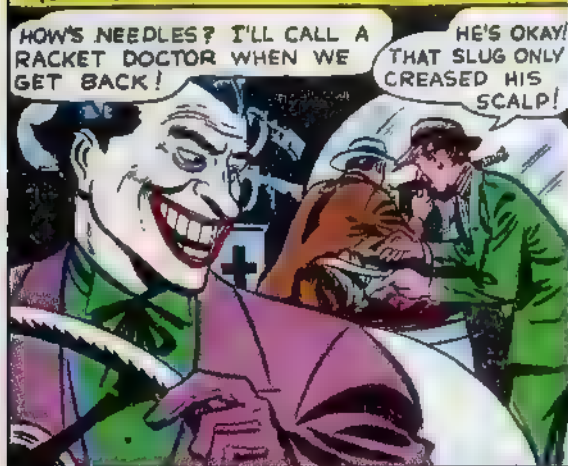


OH, OH! LOOKS AS IF HE'S GOT US STUMPED, ROBIN!

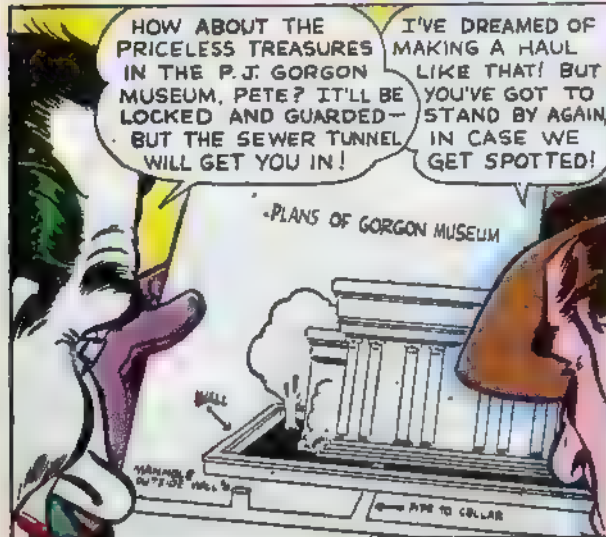
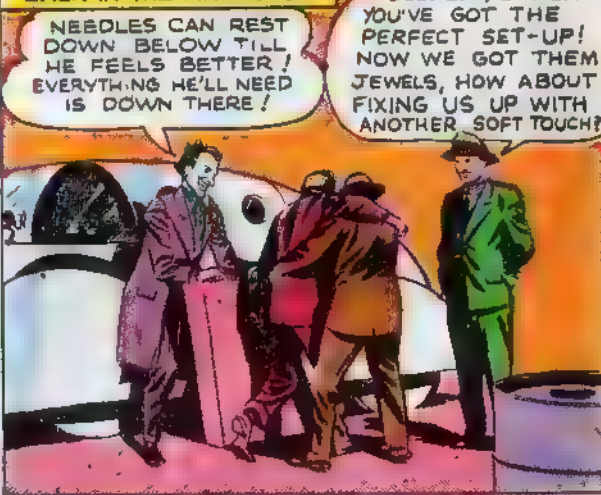
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY WHEN THE JOKER WOULD HAVE A CAR THAT COULD PLAY TRICKS ON THE BATMOBILE!



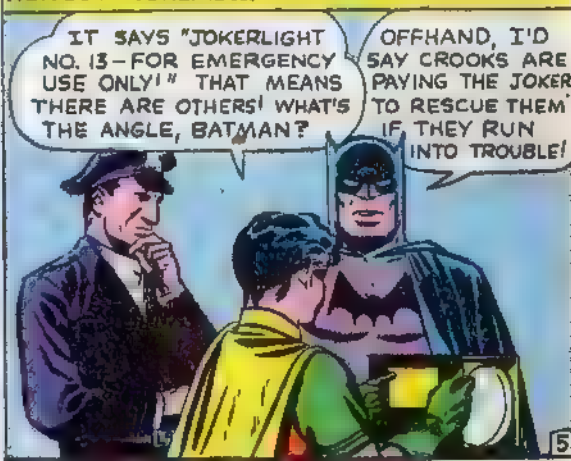
**IN THE JOKER'S FOUR-WHEELED FORTRESS EQUIPPED WITH HOSPITAL FACILITIES....**



**BACK IN THE FIREHOUSE -**



**IN THE MEANTIME, BATMAN AND ROBIN GET THEIR FIRST CLUE TO THE JOKER'S NEWEST SCHEME...**



NEXT NIGHT, AN EERIE CRAFT CRUISES LOW OVER THE ROOFTOPS OF THE CITY, IT'S MOTOR MUFFLED ALMOST TO DEAD SILENCE!

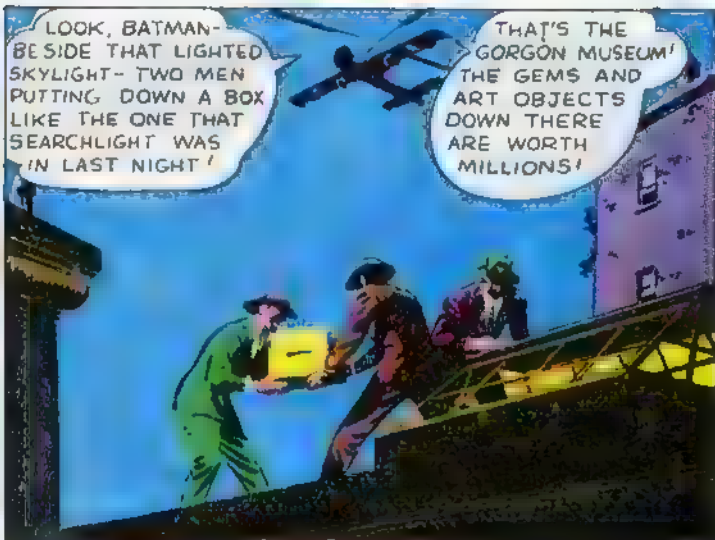
ONE THING'S SURE, ROBIN - THAT GRINNING FIEND'S TRICK LIMOUSINE WILL NEVER OUTFLY THE BATPLANE!

NO, B'T IT WON'T HAVE TO TRY, UNLESS WE CAN SPOT IT!



LOOK, BATMAN - BESIDE THAT LIGHTED SKYLIGHT - TWO MEN PUTTING DOWN A BOX LIKE THE ONE THAT SEARCHLIGHT WAS IN LAST NIGHT!

THAT'S THE GORGON MUSEUM! THE GEMS AND ART OBJECTS DOWN THERE ARE WORTH MILLIONS!



WHISPERING AUTOGYRO BLADES LOWER THE BATPLANE TO A BUILDING OPPOSITE THE MUSEUM...

THE MEN ARE GOING INSIDE, LEAVING THE BOX! THEY HAVEN'T SEEN US!

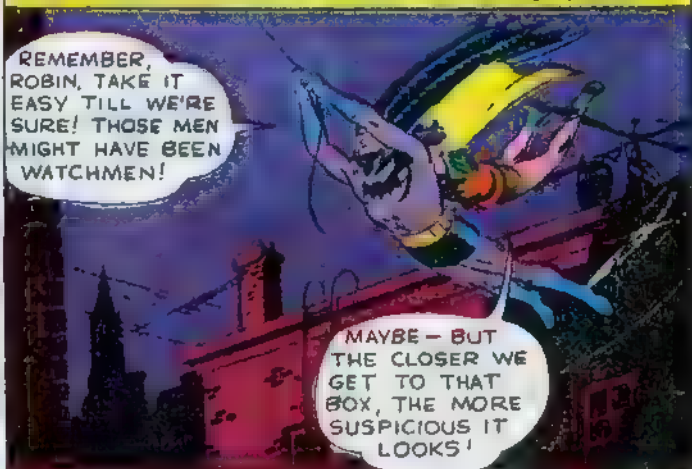
THEY COULDN'T VERY WELL SEE THIS BLACK PLANE AGAINST THE DARK SKY!



AND STRONG SILKEN ROPES SWING THE CAPED CRIME-FIGHTERS ACROSS THE INTERVENING CHASM!

REMEMBER, ROBIN, TAKE IT EASY TILL WE'RE SURE! THOSE MEN MIGHT HAVE BEEN WATCHMEN!

MAYBE - BUT THE CLOSER WE GET TO THAT BOX, THE MORE SUSPICIOUS IT LOOKS!



WITHIN THE MAIN EXHIBITION ROOM OF THE MUSEUM...

RUBIES, EMERALDS, AND DIAMONDS! THIS MUST BE WORTH A MILLION!

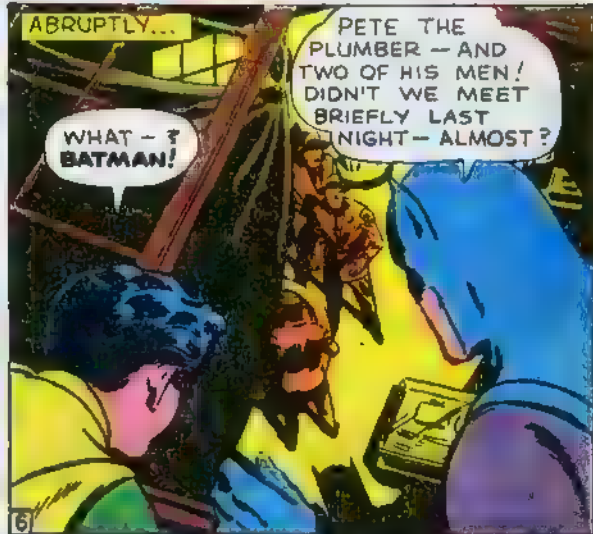
GOLLY! THE STUFF THEY LOCK UP IN HERE MUST BE REALLY VALUABLE!



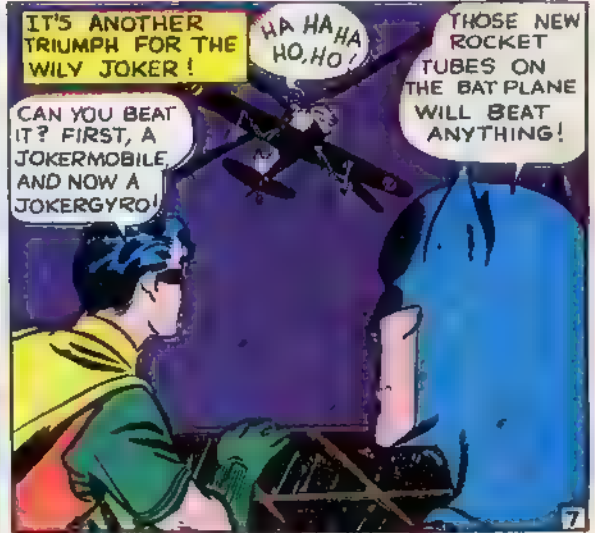
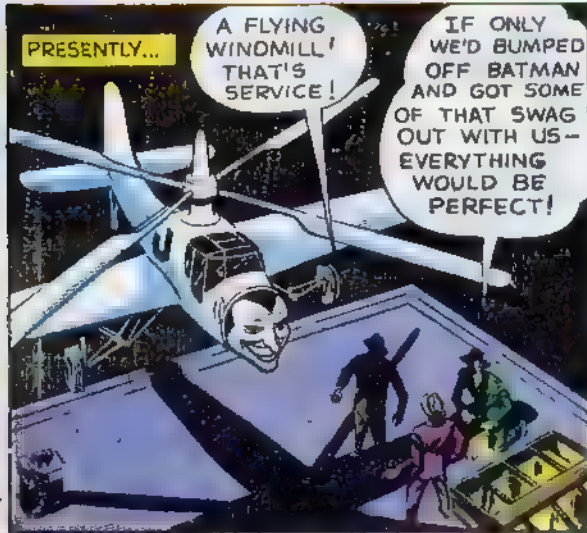
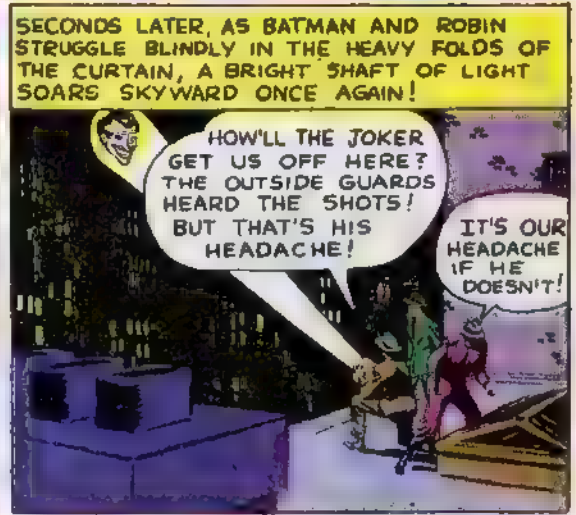
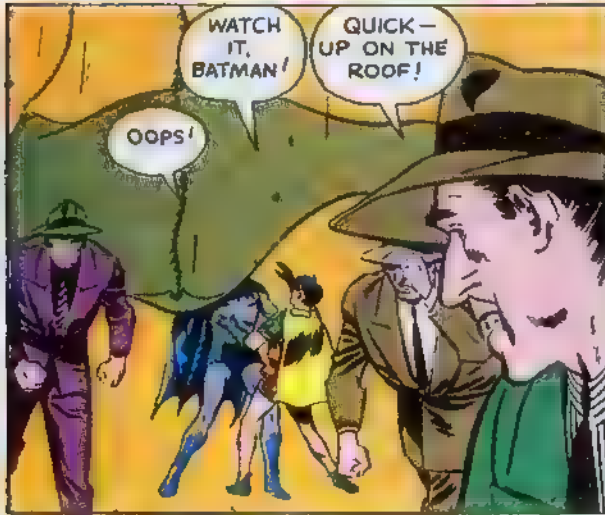
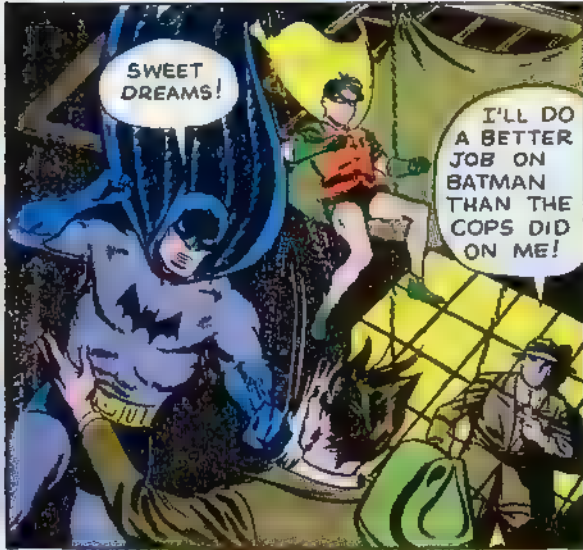
ABRUPTLY...

PETE THE PLUMBER - AND TWO OF HIS MEN! DIDN'T WE MEET BRIEFLY LAST NIGHT - ALMOST?

WHAT - ? BATMAN!







LEAVING TWIN TRAILS OF FLAME, THE BATPLANE ROARS IN PURSUIT OF THE CRIME CLOWN!

WHAT'S THE PLAN OF ATTACK, BATMAN?

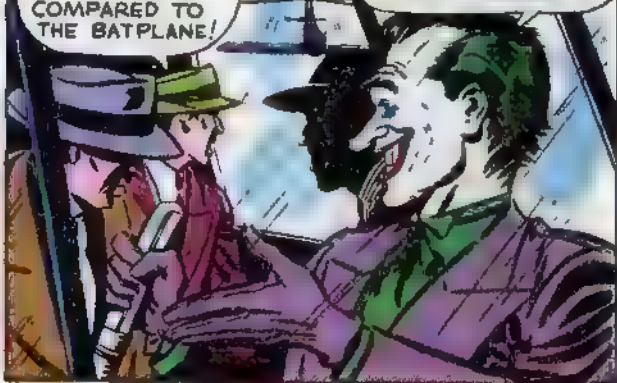
WE'LL SQUEEZE THEM INTO A FORCED LANDING AND TACKLE THEM ON THE GROUND!



BUT THE JOKER, IT APPEARS, IS PREPARED FOR PRACTICALLY ANYTHING!

THEY GOT US! THIS CRATE IS CRAWLING COMPARED TO THE BATPLANE!

IN A MINUTE, I'LL CRAWL RIGHT AWAY! WATCH!



FROM OPENINGS IN THE SIDE OF THE JOKERGYRO MULTIPLE STRANDS OF CABLE WITH SILKEN PACKS AT THEIR ENDS WHIRL FORTH!

WHAT'S THIS - ?

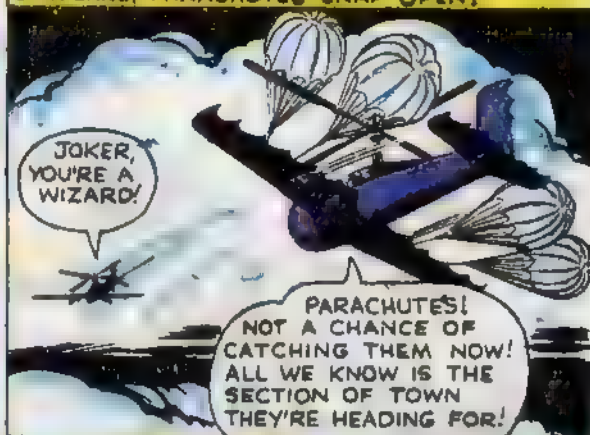
HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!



AND AS THE CABLES TWIST ABOUT THE BATPLANE, PARACHUTES SNAP OPEN!

JOKER, YOU'RE A WIZARD!

PARACHUTES! NOT A CHANCE OF CATCHING THEM NOW! ALL WE KNOW IS THE SECTION OF TOWN THEY'RE HEADING FOR!



SO, EVEN THOUGH A CUNNINGLY PLANNED ROBBERY HAS BEEN FOILED, THE JOKER HAS THE LAST LAUGH AGAIN! AND LATER, IN THE HOME OF POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON....

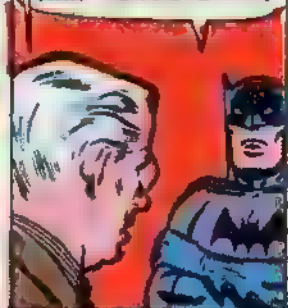
NOT INTERRUPTING, ARE WE COMMISSIONER?

I WAS SENDING OUT A CALL FOR YOU TWO!



THE JOKER IS TURNING GOTHAM CITY INTO A THREE-RING CIRCUS! AND HE'S MAKING MONKEYS OF US!

BUT WITH YOUR COOPERATION, ROBIN AND I HAVE A PLAN TO PUT HIM BEHIND BARS!







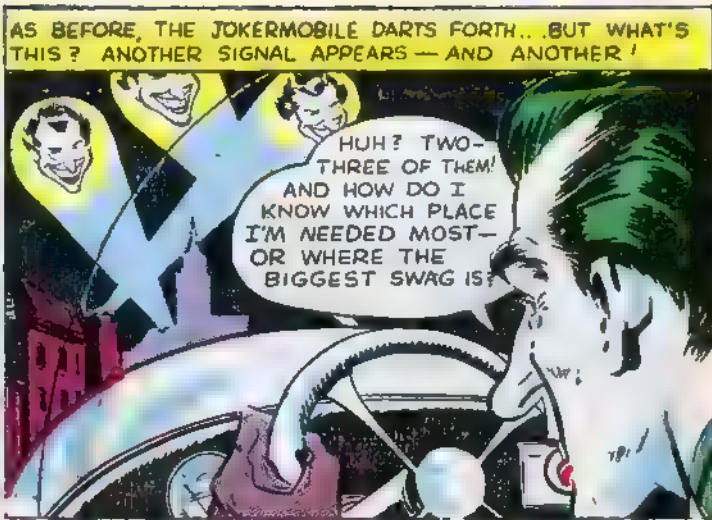
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT....

BUSINESS IS  
STARTING EARLY  
TONIGHT! HMMM.  
WONDER WHICH OF  
MY CLIENTS  
THAT IS?

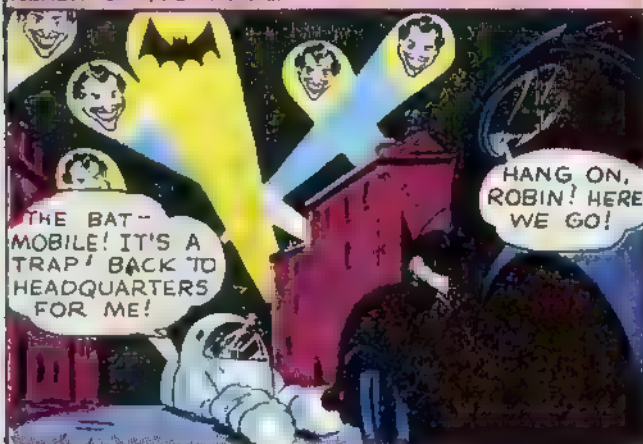


AS BEFORE, THE JOKERMOBILE DARTS FORTH... BUT WHAT'S THIS? ANOTHER SIGNAL APPEARS — AND ANOTHER!

HUH? TWO-  
THREE OF THEM!  
AND HOW DO I  
KNOW WHICH PLACE  
I'M NEEDED MOST-  
OR WHERE THE  
BIGGEST SWAG IS?



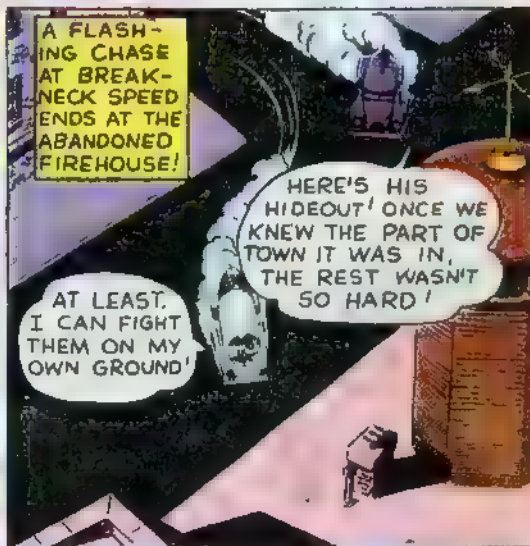
AND NOW—A GLEAMING FOREST OF RAYS... WITH THE AWESOME BAT SYMBOL DOMINATING THEM ALL— AND THE BATMOBILE AT LAST WITHIN REACH OF ITS RIVAL!



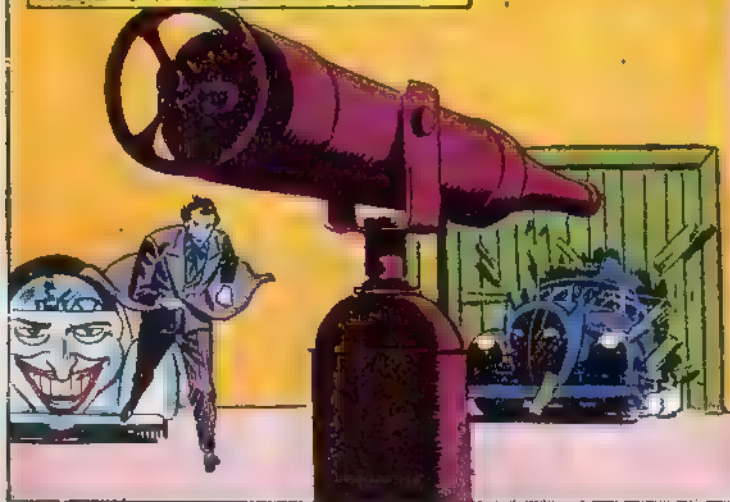
A FLASH-  
ING CHASE  
AT BREAK-  
NECK SPEED  
ENDS AT THE  
ABANDONED  
FIREHOUSE!

HERE'S HIS  
HIDEOUT! ONCE WE  
KNEW THE PART OF  
TOWN IT WAS IN,  
THE REST WASN'T  
SO HARD!

AT LEAST,  
I CAN FIGHT  
THEM ON MY  
OWN GROUND!



THERE IS A THUNDEROUS CRASH....



AND THEN—  
THE DELUGE!

FROM NOW  
ON THEY'LL  
CALL YOU  
BATHMAN!  
HO, HO, HO,  
HO, HO, HO!

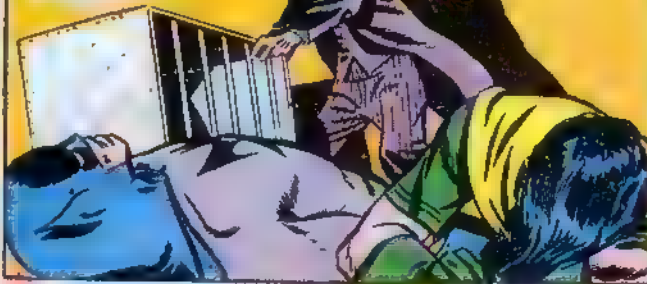
HEY!





BEATEN UNCONSCIOUS BY THE BRUTAL FORCE OF THE HIGH-PRESSURE STREAM, BATMAN AND ROBIN BECOME EASY PREY FOR THE MIRTHFUL MOUNTEBANK...

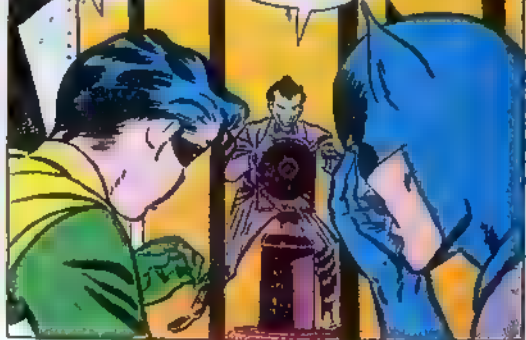
NOW FOR THE FUNNIEST EPISODE OF MY CAREER! I TRUST THE BATMAN'S SENSE OF HUMOR WON'T FAIL HIM IN THE CRISIS!



WHEN THEY AWAKE, IT IS TO THE SCREECHING OF DEMONIAL LAUGHTER!

WH-WHAT HAPPENED? ... MY RIBS!...

HA, HA, HA, HA!  
OH-H-H —  
HO, HO, HO,  
HO, HO!



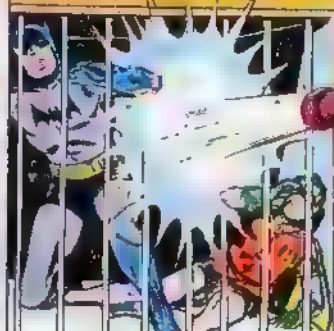
DROLL, ISN'T IT? YOU'RE TRAPPED BY YOUR OWN WEAPONS — THE BATMOBILE, BAT PLANE, AND BAT SYMBOL — ADAPTED TO MY PURPOSES WITH SUCH IMPROVEMENTS AS ONLY MY GENIUS COULD DEVISE!

STRANGELY ENOUGH, I'M NOT AMUSED!



YOU FIEND!

AND NOW, WHILE I LEAVE YOU, TEMPORARILY, HOW ABOUT PARTAKING OF SOME MORE LIQUID REFRESHMENT? HA, HA, HA, HA-HA-HA-HA!



LEFT SHIVERING IN THE ICY TORRENT, THE DYNAMIC DUO CASTS ABOUT DESPERATELY FOR A MEANS OF ESCAPE!

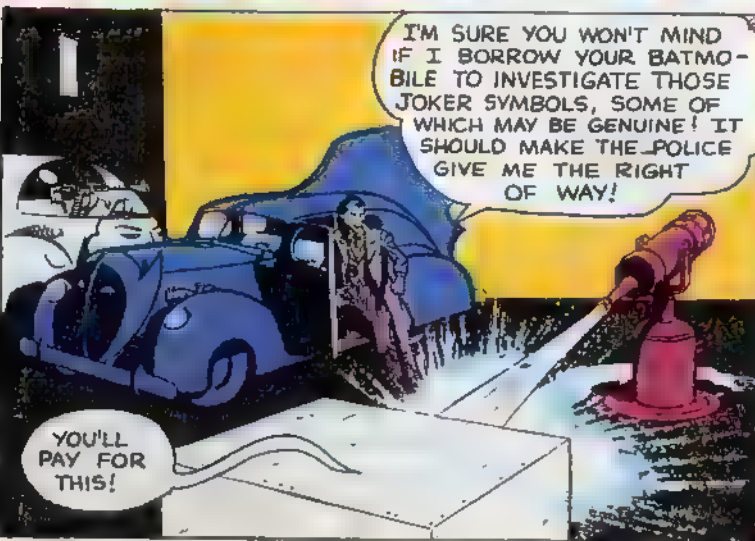
IF ONLY WE COULD PRY THE BARS LOOSE! BUT WE HAVE NOTHING BUT THIS STICK—AND IT WON'T DO!

GIVE IT TO ME, ROBIN! MAYBE IT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE NEED!



I'M SURE YOU WON'T MIND IF I BORROW YOUR BATMOBILE TO INVESTIGATE THOSE JOKER SYMBOLS, SOME OF WHICH MAY BE GENUINE! IT SHOULD MAKE THE POLICE GIVE ME THE RIGHT OF WAY!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!



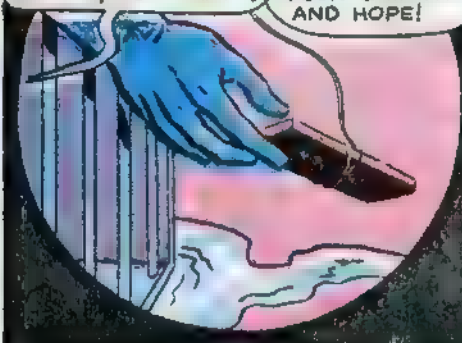




AN ARGOSY OF HOPE, THE BIT OF WOOD FLOATS OUT ON THE MINIATURE RIVER THAT GUSHES FROM THE CAGE BEARING THE END OF THE BATMAN'S SILKEN ROPE....

I KNOW YOU'RE NOT PLAYING KID GAMES, BATMAN, BUT WHAT-?

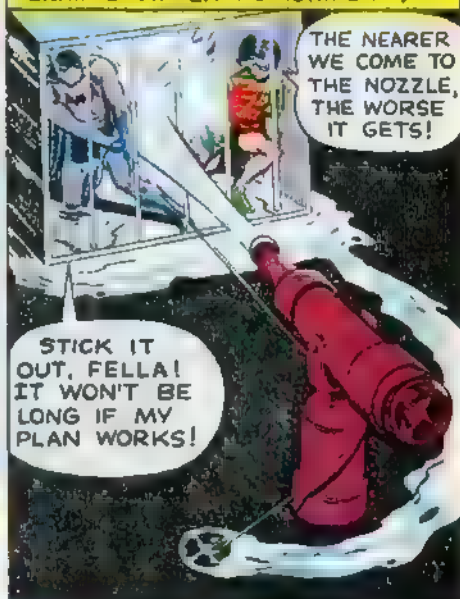
DON'T TALK, JUST HOLD YOUR BREATH—AND HOPE!



AND NOW THE ROPE IS USED TO PULL THE IMPRISONED PAIR CLOSER TO THE SOURCE OF THE TERRIFIC WATER PUNISHMENT!

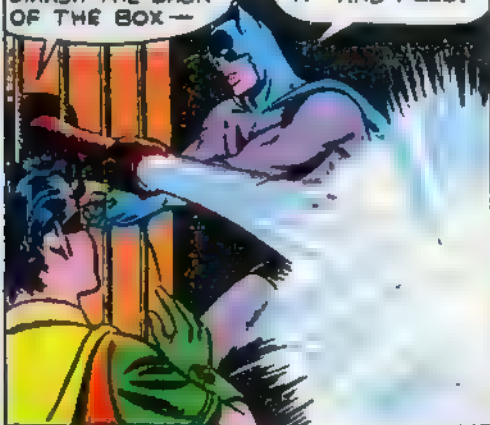
THE NEARER WE COME TO THE NOZZLE, THE WORSE IT GETS!

STICK IT OUT, FELLA! IT WON'T BE LONG IF MY PLAN WORKS!



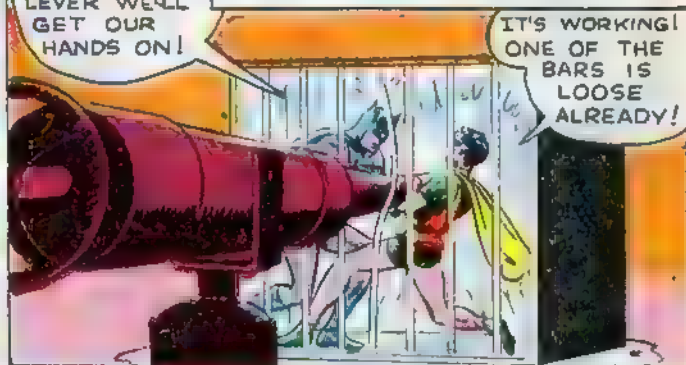
IF YOU'RE HOPING IT WILL SMASH THE BACK OF THE BOX—

I'M NOT! GRAB HOLD OF IT—AND PULL!



GIVE IT EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT! IT'S THE BEST LEVER WE'LL GET OUR HANDS ON!

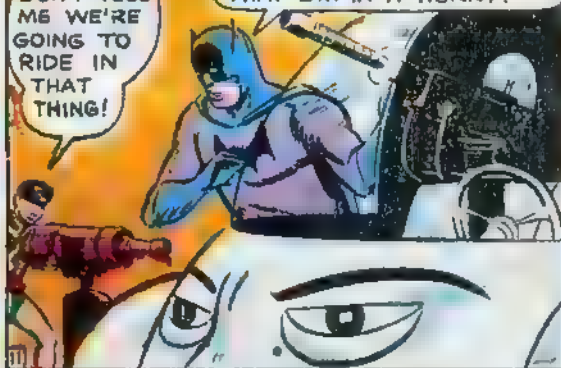
IT'S WORKING! ONE OF THE BARS IS LOOSE ALREADY!



SO, DRENCHED AND CHILLED — BUT MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER— THE HEROES RACE INTO ACTION ONCE MORE!

HEY! DON'T TELL ME WE'RE GOING TO RIDE IN THAT THING!

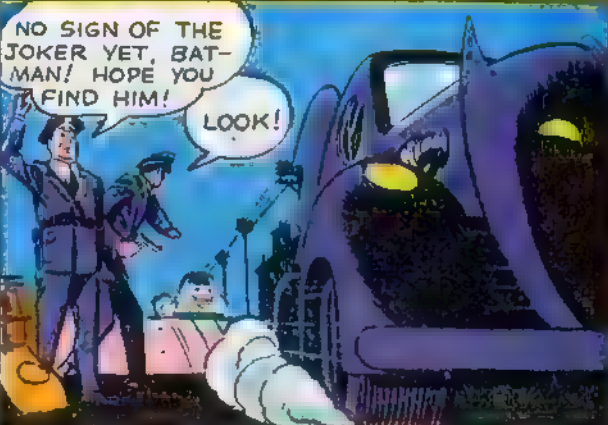
YOU CAN WALK IF YOU WANT! IT JUST HAPPENS THAT I'M IN A HURRY!



HEADING AT TOP SPEED FOR THE NEAREST OF THE JOKER SYMBOLS, BATMAN AND ROBIN QUICKLY SIGHT THEIR QUARRY— AND TROUBLE IN AN UNACCUSTOMED SHAPE!

NO SIGN OF THE JOKER YET, BATMAN! HOPE YOU CAN FIND HIM!

LOOK!





BULLETS AND A HASTILY CONSTRUCTED BARRICADE ARE AMONG THE HAZARDS OF THE HUNT....

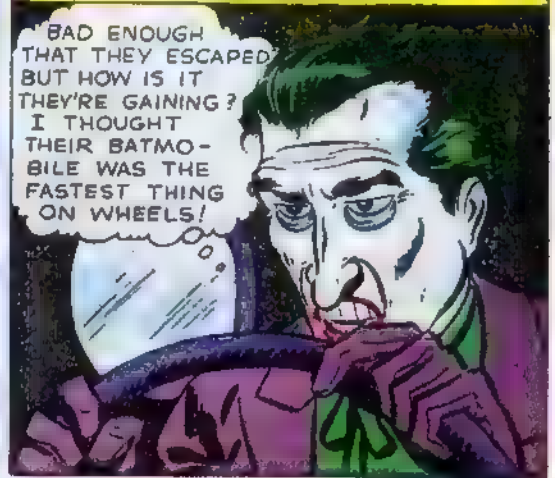
THE JOKER MUST BE HAVING A LAUGH! THERE'LL BE POLICE STATIONED AT EVERY JOKERLIGHT WE RIGGED UP!

MAYBE NOT, ROBIN - BECAUSE HE KNOWS THE JOKERMOBILE IS BULLETPROOF!



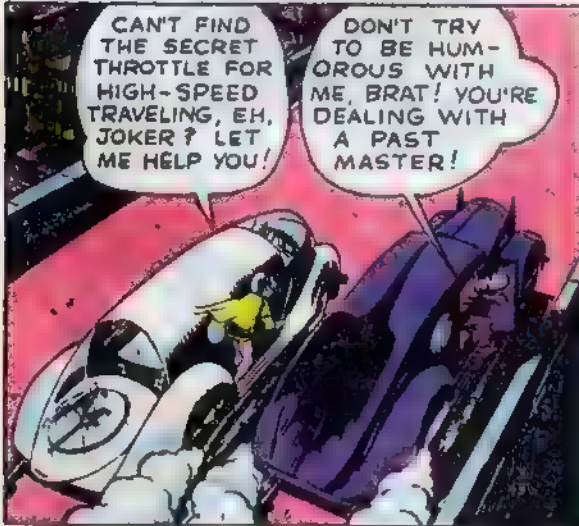
NOR IS THE JOKER ENTIRELY SATISFIED WITH THE ARRANGEMENT!

BAD ENOUGH THAT THEY ESCAPED BUT HOW IS IT THEY'RE GAINING? I THOUGHT THEIR BATMOBILE WAS THE FASTEST THING ON WHEELS!



CAN'T FIND THE SECRET THROTTLE FOR HIGH-SPEED TRAVELING, EH, JOKER? LET ME HELP YOU!

DON'T TRY TO BE HUMOROUS WITH ME, BRAT! YOU'RE DEALING WITH A PAST MASTER!



YOU'RE LIABLE TO GET LEFT AT THE POST-IF YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN! HA, HA, HA!

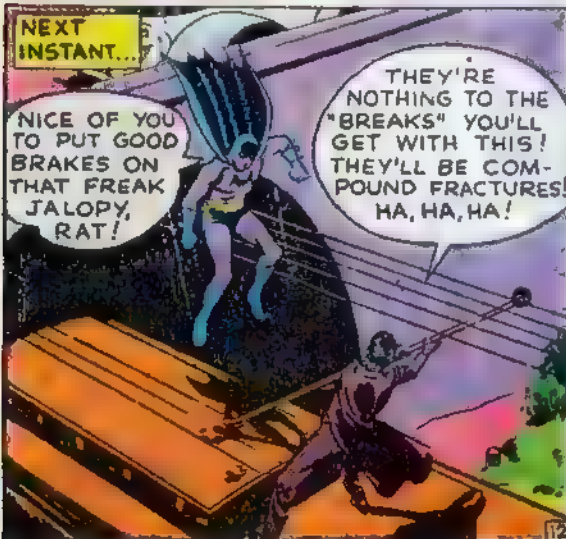
GOT TO GRAB THE WHEEL FAST OR THE BATMOBILE WILL PILE UP!



NEXT INSTANT...

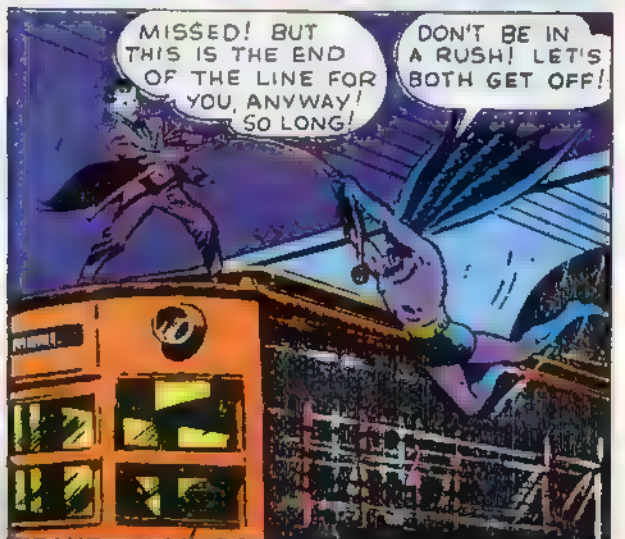
NICE OF YOU TO PUT GOOD BRAKES ON THAT FREAK JALOPY, RAT!

THEY'RE NOTHING TO THE "BREAKS" YOU'LL GET WITH THIS! THEY'LL BE COMPOUND FRACTURES! HA, HA, HA!

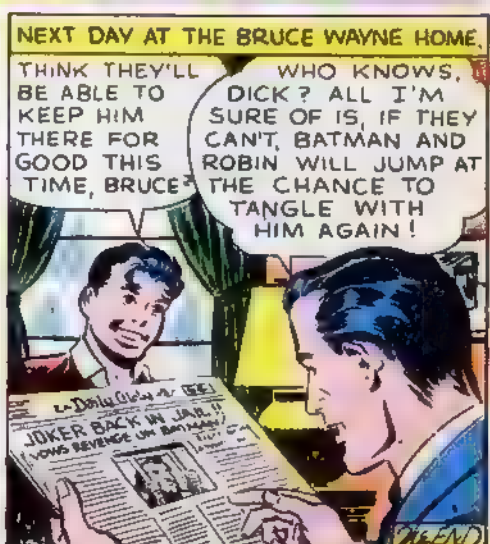
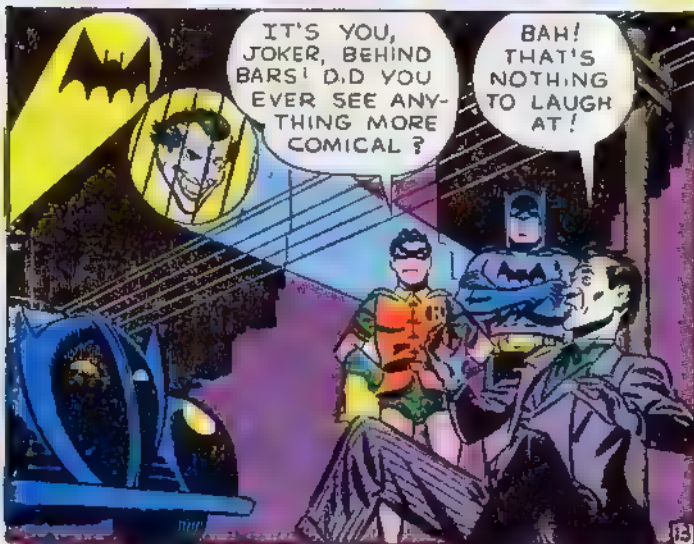
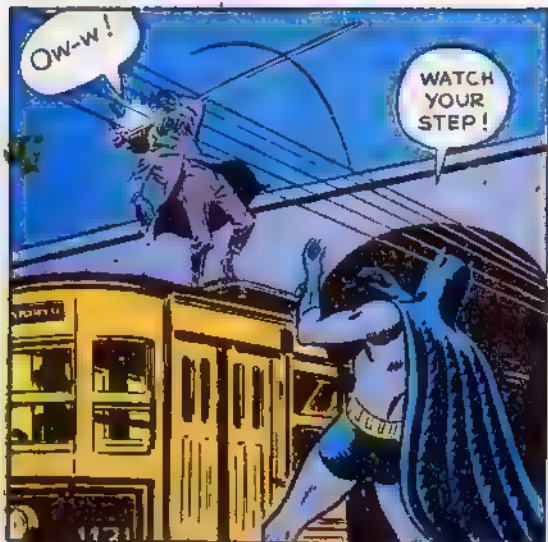


MISSED! BUT THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE FOR YOU, ANYWAY! SO LONG!

DON'T BE IN A RUSH! LET'S BOTH GET OFF!









# ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE



**ALAN "RED RYDER" LANE SAYS:**

**RC IS MY BRAND! IT REALLY TASTES BEST!**

Alan Lane, star of the "Red Ryder" Westerns, took the cola taste-test—picked Royal Crown Cola best-tasting. Try it, Say, "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get a lift with Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!

See Alan Lane as "Red Ryder" in **"SANTA FE UPRISING"** A Republic Picture

**ROYAL CROWN COLA**  
Best by taste-test



# HOW THOM MCAN

# STOPPED THE CATTLE STAMPEDE

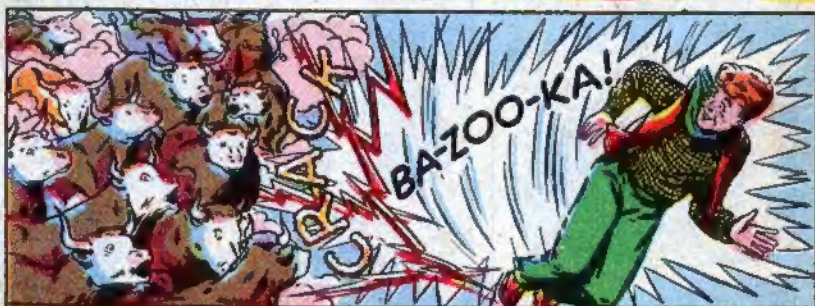
## WITH HIS MAGIC BAZOOKA-SHOES

THOM AND HIS CHUMS ARE VACATIONING IN A SMALL WESTERN TOWN. SUDDENLY...

**CATTLE STAMPEDE!**  
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

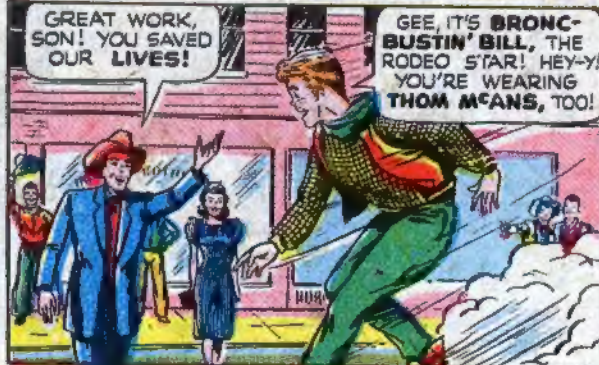


WOW! THIS LOOKS LIKE A BIG JOB FOR ME! QUICK, 'H', MY BAZOOKA-SHOES! AND SET THEIR DIALS AT 16000V!



16000V ON THOM'S BAZOOKA-SHOES MAKES LIGHTNING! SCARED BY THE BLINDING LIGHTNING CRACKLING FROM THOM'S SHOES, THE CATTLE BREAK UP AND SCURRY AWAY — THE TOWN IS SAVED!

GREAT WORK, SON! YOU SAVED OUR LIVES!

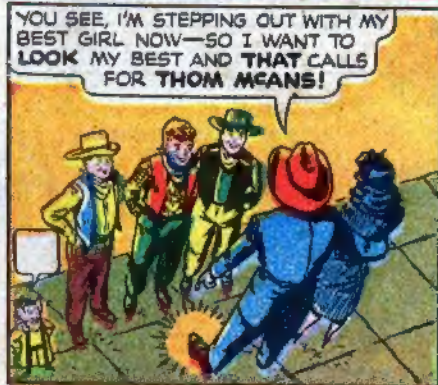


GEE, IT'S BRONC-BUSTIN' BILL, THE RODEO STAR! HEY-Y! YOU'RE WEARING THOM MCANS, TOO!

THAT'S RIGHT, THOM! BOOTS ARE O.K. FOR KEEPING YOUR FEET IN THE STIRRUPS, BUT FOR COMFORT AND EASY WALKING ON THE GROUND, GIVE ME THOM MCAN SHOES!



YOU SEE, I'M STEPPING OUT WITH MY BEST GIRL NOW—SO I WANT TO LOOK MY BEST AND THAT CALLS FOR THOM MCANS!



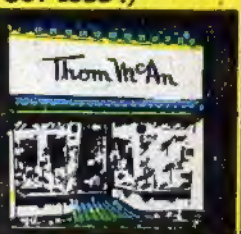
WHAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR US, HUH, PARDNERS? GUESS WE'RE RIDIN' THE RIGHT TRAIL WHEN WE TELL OUR FOLKS WE WANT A FOOT'S BEST PAL, THOM MCANS!



WHY DOES 'H' NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE 'H' IN THOM MCAN—ALWAYS SILENT! ('THE 'H' IS SILENT BUT THE VALUE SHOUTS OUT LOUD!')

# Thom McAn

OVER 500 STORES — IN OVER 300 CITIES





# TOPS IN COMICS!

THESE ARE THE MAGAZINES  
WHICH COMPRISE THE  
**SUPERMAN DC**  
COMIC GROUP

LOOK FOR THIS  
TRADE MARK  
ON THE COVER

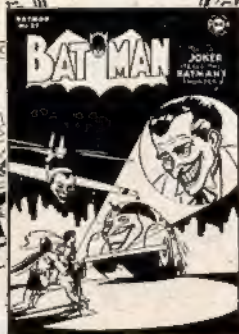


IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE  
BEST IN  
COMICS

Now  
ON SALE  
EVERYWHERE



Look  
FOR THE DC  
TRADE MARK





# WHAT A HIT!



## NOW FOR A



Gee! Baby Ruth Cookies are great!  
RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

### Good Fun :

It's a good old American custom; to relax with the gang and enjoy a tempting **Baby Ruth** bar. The minute you bite into that chewy, delicious candy, you know it's the best you can buy.

### Good Food:

You need lots of energy to keep up with the team. **Baby Ruth** candy is rich in dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy... contains other vital ingredients, too.

**CURTISS CANDY COMPANY** • Producers of Fine Foods • **CHICAGO 13, ILL.**